The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 27, 1916

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THE STORY OF THE WAR: THE GENERAL SITUATION

On the whole, the week ending September 20 resulted in a net loss for Germany and Austria, and a corresponding net gain for the Allies. There was no marked change in the military situation. The movements of the troops simply continued in the directions which they had already taken. The war, as we have said, can best be pictured as a vast siege. Germany and Austria are surrounded by enemies, like a city invested by a hostile body of troops. Although during the week the besieged made some progress in one or two places, they felt the lines tightening around them.

On the western front, in the Somme region, both the British and the French have continued their advance. On the Italian front the situation is not essentially different. On the eastern front the Germans have succeeded in stemming, for the time being, the closing in of the Russians. Along the Black Sea, in that part of Rumania known as the Dobrudja, the German Field Marshal von Mackensen, leading forces of Germans and Bulgarians, has continued to make progress against the Rumanians and their Russian allies. But on the other side of Rumania, where the combat is much more significant, the Rumanians in their turn have been making progress against the Austrians. Further south, near the Mediterranean along the Greek frontier, the Bulgarians, fighting on the side of Germany, have met with reverses inflicted by the English, French, Servian, Russian, and Italian troops; while in Mesopotamia and Egypt there have been reports of Turkish defeats.

It cannot be too often repeated that the main object of such warfare as characterizes the combats in Europe is for one side to break down the lines of the other, and to capture or otherwise destroy the army of the enemy. Mere territorial loss, so long as the lines remain intact, does not mean defeat—in fact, may be coincident with success. The fruitless attack upon Verdun by the Germans, though it meant the retirement of the French and the capture of many places, including fortified positions, had all the effect of a French victory. It might seem that the gains which the Allies have been making in the Somme region, involving the capture of a network of trenches, are so far similarly profitless. There is, however, this difference. Those who are besieged gain nothing of material value unless they break through investing lines; but those who are carrying on the siege may gain materially by driving the besieged further in. This is what the French and British have been doing. The Germans have their lines outside of their own territory and are occupying a large part of Belgium and rich territory in France. The British and French, therefore, may be said to have two objects. The chief object is to destroy the German forces; but the secondary and by no means unimportant object is to drive the Germans out of France and into their own country. The Allied gains, therefore, on the Somme have a significance which the German gains at Verdun did not have:

THE MILITARY OPERATIONS

During the week of September 13–20 the French captured the important villages of Vermandovillers, Berny, and Déniécourt, while the British advanced to within four miles of their goal, Bapaume. In some respects this advance by the British is the most notable made by them since the Anglo-French offensive began on July 1. Although Thiepval, strongly fortified, still holds out, the British have gained all the high ground between the Pozières-Bapaume road and the important town of Combles to the south.

On the eastern front the Russians have been so far prevented from getting much closer to their immediate objectives, the cities of Kovel and Lemberg, and have been repulsed again and again by the Galician contingent of the Austro-German troops in the attempt to take the town of Halicz.

Since Rumania has entered the war Ru-

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manian troops have been fighting on two sides of that country. On the Black Sea side they have been opposing within their own territory the advance of Bulgarians and Germans under Mackensen; but on the other side they have been in turn on foreign territory, fighting against the Austrians in Transylvania, a region occupied largely by Rumanians, but belonging to the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The region where the Rumanians are fighting against the Germans and Bulgarians is called the Dobrudja. It is that part of Rumania that is cut off from the rest by the Danube, and the fighting has been so far largely in the region formerly belonging to Bulgaria. Unless the Germans and Bulgarians work their way up northward to the railway which, running from Constanza, on the Black Sea, to the Rumanian capital, Bucharest, crosses the Danube, the main territory of Rumania would seem to be in little danger. The Rumanian forces have been falling back, although reinforced by Russians who have come down from the north. It may be assumed that before the railway is reached the Rumanians and Russians will give battle on ground of their own selection. On the other hand, the Rumanians in Transylvania have met with success of a greater military importance than the advance of Mackensen in the Dobrudja by domination of the upper reaches of the Maros and Aluta Rivers. Here the Rumanians are making gains in what they regard as territory to be redeemed.

Along the Greek frontier the Bulgarians have lost the Greek city of Florina, which they have held for some time, and have been repulsed along the Struma River. Here the reconstructed Servian army on the western flank of the Allied forces has fought with the fury of those who have seen their country devastated and occupied, and who are determined to recover it. The Servians are proceeding up the valley of the Cerna River toward Monastir. If they should recapture this city, it would be both a moral and a military victory of considerable importance.

GREECE

They have a new Cabinet in Greece. It seems as if they were always having new Cabinets. The reason for the latest change is that Greece has changed.

A majority has always existed, it is believed, in favor of France, England, and Russia, as opposed to the Central European Powers, simply because of appreciation of the efforts, nearly a century ago, of France, England, and Russia in liberating Greece from the Turkish yoke. The three Powers by treaty declared themselves responsible for their work, guarantors of its lasting character, and protectors of the state which they had brought again to independence and standing. Of course Greece, a sea power, must ever be dependent on the Mediterranean sea powers—England, France, Italy.

In March, 1915, Eleutherios Venizelos, the Greek Prime Minister, attempted to commit his country to the side of France, England, and Russia in the present war, first, by the endeavor to detach Bulgaria from a possible alliance with the Central Powers, through the offer to her of the Greek port of Kavala, on the Ægean; second, if this proved successful, by the immediate aid of the Greek army and navy in the Gallipoli struggle. This plan was unfortunately frustrated. The Greek minority had the King on their side!

But a King and a minority cannot forever prevail against a Venizelos and a majority. At first, indeed, affairs looked gloomy for the majority. The King mobilized his army and ordered elections, knowing that the soldiers afield could not vote, and that the remaining citizens were mostly on his side. The result of the elections thus favored the King, and the successors of Venizelos as Premier were sympathizers with the monarch. But each new Premier has seemed less and less sympathetic; indeed, Alexander Zaimis, who has just retired, obtained, in general, the support of Venizelos, who nevertheless in his organ the "Kirix" criticised Zaimis for not having taken the precaution of asking England, France, and Russia, in their demand for Greek mobilization, to allow the Macedonian troops to remain on a war footing.

But the Greek gendarmes in Salonika, the great port of Macedonia, put themselves on a war footing. They are over a thousand strong. Many of them are Cretans and consequently stanch Venizelists (Venizelos is a Cretan). The other day they suddenly repudiated their former authority, paraded the streets, watched by large crowds of Salonikans all shouting "Zito!" (Hurrah.) The gendarmes distributed a proclamation in which they said that the present state of affairs had lasted long enough, and that the time had come for Greece to place herself at the side of France, England, and Russia, "who have always been her friends."

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General Sarrail, Commander of the Allied Forces at Salonika, tactfully suppressed this revolt without losing the friendship of the rebels. But the effect was immediate in another quarter. The King was alarmed, and removed the Army Chief of Staff. It appears that the Germans had relied greatly on this officer, if we may believe the Munich "Neueste Nachrichten," which called this act "the first success of the Allies, whose consequences will be of great value. The Entente," continued this Munich paper, "obtaining a transformation of the Greek General Staff, will try to substitute officials on whom the Entente can rely."

But another and larger event also had its influence. Rumania had entered the war. The "Nachrichten" was perfectly frank about this, acknowledging that "Greece must follow Rumania's example." Of course Venizelos in the "Kirix" did not fail to urge the entry of Greece into the war alongside of Rumania.

Will she enter? That is the question. At all events, the new Premier, Kalogeropulos, has demanded of Bulgaria and Germany the immediate return of Greek soldiers captured by the Bulgarians, plainly indicating that the alternative will be war.

BOHEMIA

When we speak of a "Bohemian life," we generally refer to a happy-go-lucky, very unconventional existence, the sort of thing lived by the gypsies who roam through Bohemia. Indeed, they make Bohemia a land of contrasts. In the north the German element preponderates, and, though the Germans occupy not more than a seventh of Bohemia, their wealth is about six-sevenths of the total. But wealth weighs little with the Czechs, the Bohemian-Bohemians, so to speak, and they are against the Germans, whether in their own land or in Vienna, whither Bohemian delegates must go to the Reichsrath, or Austrian Parliament.

For centuries the ancient Kingdom of Bohemia has been a part of Austria. Emperor Francis Joseph is King of Bohemia. He has been not unpopular in that Kingdom, but when he wars on the fellow-Slavs of the Bohemians he is unpopular, and imprudent Bohemian Deputies in Vienna become "suspect." According to the Paris "Temps" and the "Journal de Genève," some of them have now been condemned to death for high treason and are in prison awaiting execution.

One of the counts against them is that they are in league with the Czech Committee abroad. This is evidenced by a declaration signed at Chicago by Bohemian Deputies who managed to escape from Austria to this country. They admit that the Bohemian nation of its free choice called to the throne a King of the Hapsburg family, but assert that the dynasty has been aiming at the construction of a single great Austrian state, thus violating its agreement to maintain Bohemia's external and internal independence. They also assert that the present war has intensified the antagonism between Bohemia and Austria, war having been declared without the approval of Parliament because "the Vienna Government was afraid to listen to the voice of the Austrian peoples, for the majority would have been against the war. The Bohemian representatives would have protested most vigorously, therefore the Government did not consult a single Bohemian Deputy or leader before taking the momentous step. . . . Sympathy for Russians, Servians, and their allies was universal [in Bohemia]. . . . The events of this terrible war and the reckless violence of Vienna constrain us to claim independence without regard to Austria."

In its turn, the New York Czech Relief Association claims that of all the warring nations Bohemia has received the least consideration. If Belgium and Poland are paying sacrifices, so is Bohemia.

Who knows but that the ancient prestige of the Bohemians—the old Boii of Cæsar's campaigns—may return! They were the only people who checked Charlemagne's progress. They defeated Attila, and drove him and his Huns back to the Carpathians. In Jan Hus they produced an immortal leader and saint. They were the first Protestants. Their Comenius was a foremost educator of the Middle Ages. Among celebrated modern composers are their Smetana and Dvořák; among modern singers and virtuosi, their Kubelik, Slezak, Burian, and Destinn; among poets is their Machar, now in prison under a charge of treason, one whose poetry has ever been inspired by the hope of his country's resurrection.

Certainly among the anomalies of the war the case of Bohemia is pathetic and appealing.

VILLA AGAIN

The irrepressible Villa will not down. Either he is dead or he is not; at all events, the forces operating in his name, in

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their latest attack have certainly carried out his methods so vividly as to suggest that he himself must have been either among them or directing them. This latest attack occurred at the city of Chihuahua. While no one saw Villa in the city, prisoners from his command swore that he was on Santa Rosa hill directing the fighting. His forces captured the Federal and State palaces and the penitentiary, with a consequent release of prisoners. The Constitutionalist troops surrounded the palaces captured, and after fierce fights in the streets completely defeated the Villistas, who lost, according to one account, about one hundred and sixty killed and some ninety taken prisoners and shot; according to another account, six hundred men in killed and captured. A rather amusing addendum to the despatches states that, after the battle, the troops of the Constitutionalist commander "were able to take part in the regular Independence Day parade." Some think that the attack was prepared by enemies of the Constitutionalist government to occur at the very time when American and Mexican conferees were trying to compose the differences between the two countries, as showing that the Villistas are still active in the field. On the other hand, it is declared that the severe defeat inflicted on the rebels serves to prove the strength of the *de facto* Government and its ability to pacify the country.

With regard to the work of the American and Mexican conferees at New London, no agreement can yet be registered on the first problem to be solved, namely, the question of safeguarding the border line. Of course, as long as there is reason for keeping troops on the border we cannot take them away. The condition of taking them away would be the suppression of the border raiders. But that they are far from being suppressed is shown by the Chihuahua incident. If the Villistas can capture palaces and prisons and release prisoners at Chihuahua, we must feel that all northern Mexico is still in a state of outlawry. Whether the American troops on the border should be of the militia or only of the regular army is another question.

The first intimation that the two sections of conferees were at all at cross-purposes in their view of the limitations of their deliberations came in the rumor that, contrary to the liking of General Carranza, a discussion of the internal affairs of Mexico was being pressed by our men—a discussion of the Carranza tax decrees, the railway situation, the proposed reconstruction of the judicial system, etc. Doubtless certain questions have been asked by our representatives relative to various phases of Mexican national life, intended to enable all the Commissioners to form an intelligent opinion of the whole Mexican situation, in the light of which they might decide the matter of border protection. Doubtless also our Commissioners have been studying the Carranza decrees in the light of complaints made to them by Americans who declare that the decrees amount to disguised confiscation. On the other hand, the Mexicans explain that the decrees put Mexican and foreign interests on the same footing, allowing preference to neither; that under them Mexican development by foreign capital should be more orderly than heretofore, when, by reason of preferences given to foreigners, complications with foreign governments have arisen. By the new policy of equal rights, it is added, Mexican conditions should become more peaceful because less subject to outside contentions.

NICARAGUA IN TROUBLE

Nicaragua is having trouble from Costa Rica on the south and from Honduras and Salvador on the north.

Costa Rica was aroused by the recent treaty between Nicaragua and the United States. It provides for an option for the possible construction of an interoceanic canal and the right to maintain a naval base in the Bay of Fonseca in the Pacific. A new canal would probably involve the San Juan River, the boundary between Costa Rica and Nicaragua; at all events, Costa Rica declares that an interoceanic canal across Nicaragua cannot be built without affecting her lands and waters, hence she claims the right to be consulted before any right in the San Juan River can be ceded.

Salvador and Honduras claim the right to be consulted before Nicaragua cedes rights for a naval base on the Bay of Fonseca, because their territory also borders that Bay. In the latest issue of the "American Journal of International Law," Señor González, evidently a Honduran, affirms that the existence of a community of interests and rights in the Bay of Fonseca means really a joint jurisdiction by Honduras, Salvador, and Nicaragua over that bay; that the right of self-defense justifies Honduras and Salvador in opposing the establishment of our naval base within the

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Bay, just as England and France opposed the naval base which Germany proposed to establish at Agadir in Morocco, the opposition of Honduras and Salvador being specially justified, indeed, as their coasts and islands within the Bay of Fonseca are within the range of artillery from the Nicaraguan shores where the naval base sought by the United States would be established.

On the other hand, we have the statement of the Nicaraguan Foreign Office:

> The mere claim to restrict the legitimate action of Nicaragua over the whole or any part of the territory which belongs to her as a sovereign nation, on the ground of alleged dangers and of a *sui generis* solidarity by which the neighboring country completely and absolutely and upon that ground acquired for its own and exclusive benefit inalienable rights of the true owner, is so excessive and beyond every principle of international justice and rectitude that it cannot be thought for a moment that there should be a people who would be willing to consent to a discussion of such questions under such an aspect.

Costa Rica, Salvador, and Honduras carried their opposition to the Central American Court of Justice at Cartago, Costa Rica. This is a tribunal to pass upon Central American questions; and, as a venture in international peace, it received from Andrew Carnegie the gift of a Court House. This Court has just rendered a decision against Nicaragua. Nicaragua announces, so it is reported, that she will not accept the decision. In consequence there are strained relations between Nicaragua and the three challenging Central American Republics.

Under these circumstances it is interesting to note that our cruisers San Diego and Chattanooga have arrived in Nicaragua waters, and that the hundred American marines who have been at Managua, the Nicaraguan capital, ever since the latest revolution, are still there.

GREENLAND

In connection with our purchase of the Danish West Indies, protests are heard in this country against our renunciation of any possible rights in Greenland.

Greenland is the largest island in the world. Its area is about that of the United States east of the Mississippi. The interior is covered with an immense sheet of ice, rising here and there to altitudes of some ten thousand feet. The ice-free land is a strip along the southerly coast. It is indented by fjords. These afford remarkably extensive and protected fishing, the supply including whale, walrus, seal, salmon, cod, and herring.

But the mainland has an even greater resource. The abundance of coal and the rushing torrents present potential power which, if translated into electrical energy, would make Greenland, as Admiral Peary says, "a power-house for the United States."

Strategically, Greenland, or a part of it, might become a naval base.

Thus, as a whole, Greenland should be of great value to us. Why should we continue to disregard this opportunity? We plan to purchase the Danish possessions in the central part of the Western Hemisphere, yet do not plan to purchase the Danish possessions in the north. Aside from Greenland's commercial and strategic value, its possession by us, like that of the Danish West Indies, would eliminate one more possible cause of future conflict arising from the ownership by a comparatively weak European state of territory in this hemisphere.

POLITICAL HAPPENINGS

In many States the Presidential campaign has been subordinated to other political conflicts. This is the season of party primaries. Some of these are of more than local interest.

In New York interest was divided between the struggle between Governor Whitman, Republican, and Samuel Seabury, Democrat, for the gubernatorial nomination on the Progressive ticket, and between Representative Calder and former Ambassador and Secretary of State Robert Bacon for the Republican nomination for United States Senator. Though the Progressive primary itself was not important, it was regarded as significant because if Judge Seabury (who formerly had run for Judge on the Progressive ticket and was esteemed highly in the State by the Progressives) were successful, it would be looked upon as an indication of the popularity of the Wilson Administration. The day after the primary it appeared that Governor Whitman was successful in the Progressive primary, as he was overwhelmingly successful over his opponent, William M. Bennett, in the Republican primary. He will therefore be both the Progressive and Republican candidate for Governor, while Judge Seabury will be the Democratic candidate.

In the Senatorial primary William M. Calder had the backing of the organization. Mr. Bacon entered the primary struggle at a

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late day. In spite of these facts, the struggle was so close that the day after the primary the issue was still in doubt. Mr. Bacon made his sole campaign on preparedness, including universal military service, and on the fulfillment of international obligations. His course was a brave one, and the remarkable vote he received proved that it was also a wise one. Whatever the result, the large vote for Mr. Bacon shows that the people of New York State can be counted on to respond to an appeal to duty and honor.

In the Democratic primary Mr. McCombs, former Democratic National Chairman, was nominated for the Senatorship.

James R. Mann, the Republican leader in Congress, after a struggle, was renominated by the Republican voters in his district in Illinois; while ex-Senator Lorimer, who sought the Republican nomination for Representative in Congress in another district in the same State, was, we are glad to record, defeated. Colonel Frank O. Lowden was nominated by the Republicans for Governor of Illinois; while the present Governor, Edward F. Dunne, was renominated by the Democrats. Governor Dunne's victory was a defeat for the Roger Sullivan faction in the party. For Congressman-at-Large, Medill McCormick, a former Progressive, led the field of Republican candidates.

In the State of Washington, Miles Poindexter, who had the distinction of being for some time the only Progressive United States Senator, was renominated for the Senate by the Republicans. The nomination of Mr. McCormick and that of Senator Poindexter are two of many indications that the Republicans and Progressives are fast reuniting.

It is a satisfaction to record that in South Carolina Cole Blease, former Governor, whose attacks on the Negro, whose defense of lynching, and whose wholesale release of prisoners brought disrepute to the State, has been defeated for the Democratic nomination for the Governorship by the renomination of Governor Richard I. Manning. Of course in South Carolina this nomination is equivalent to election.

Unfortunately for Georgia, Hugh M. Dorsey has received the Democratic gubernatorial nomination. As Solicitor-General of the Atlanta Criminal Court he prosecuted Leo M. Frank for murder. In the events which followed Frank's conviction there was a campaign of appeal to mob violence, to anti-Jewish feeling, and to class prejudice which resulted in a state of affairs that the best people of Georgia deplored. When Leo M. Frank was finally lynched in Georgia, Solicitor-General Dorsey took no vigorous measures to punish the lynchers. His nomination, though by a plurality, not a majority, indicates that the public of Georgia has not yet become aware of the stigma that was attached to the State. Mr. Dorsey's own statement that the nomination means that the people of Georgia are determined to manage their own affairs indicates this.

In Denver George A. Carlson, whose administration as Governor has brought credit to the State, has been renominated by the Republicans. In Arizona Governor Hunt has received the renomination from the Democrats.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

For so late a stage of the Presidential campaign there seems to be little that is stirring the people.

Early last week Mr. Hughes started on his second campaign trip. This will take him into the principal States of the Middle West. As he started on this trip he emphasized anew the issue which he has been making the foremost one in his speeches—that raised by the so-called eight-hour law that put an end to the railway strike. He is insisting that when Congress yielded to the threat of a strike, it subordinated a principle to an exigency, and he is urging that the people repudiate such methods of dealing with industrial questions, and that they show by their votes that they believe investigation and a knowledge of the facts should precede all such legislation. He is also emphasizing competence and efficiency in government, and is pointing out instances in which the present Administration has been incompetent and inefficient for political reasons. So far he has not undertaken, to any great extent, to carry on a campaign of education of the American people in the large questions of international obligation raised by the European war. He has been devoting himself largely to domestic issues and the Administration's Mexican policy.

The astonishing vote given in the New York primaries to Robert Bacon, the candidate for the Senatorial nomination, who, as we have said, put foremost the international duty of the United States and universal military training, indicates that the people of

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Batchelor in the New York Evening Journal

WILL THE TRACTION TROUBLE COME TO THIS?

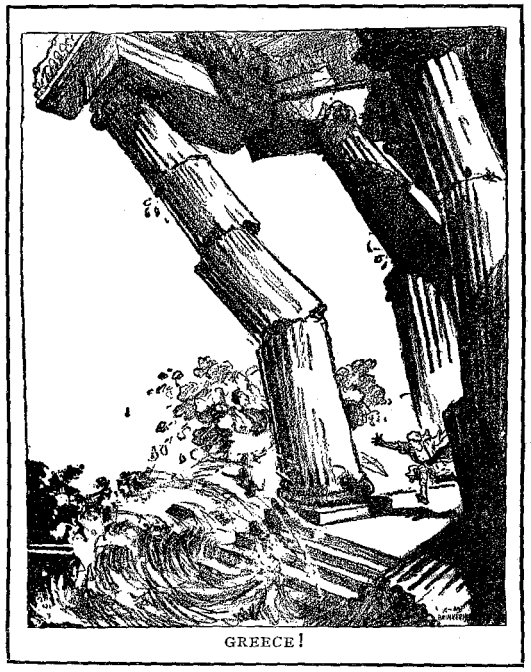
Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Ledger

A DISAPPOINTED HUNTER

From the Providence Journal

A LESSON FROM THE ORIENT

Brinkerhoff in the New York Evening Mail



A TOTTERING TEMPLE—CAN IT BE SAVED?

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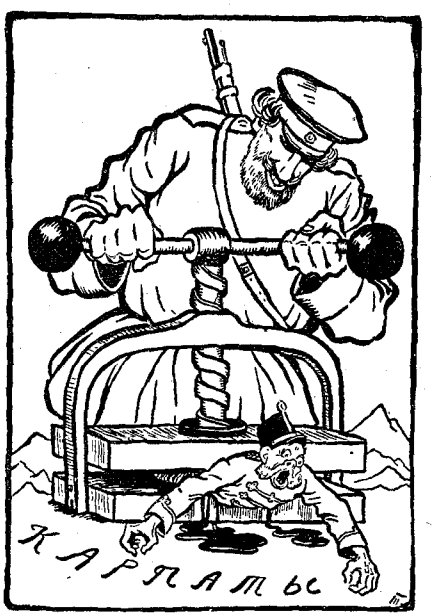
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

From Vsemyrny Youmor ("Universal Humor") (Moscow)



PUTTING THE SQUEEZE ON AUSTRIA

From Simplicissimus (Munich)

The angel of peace cannot bother about European affairs; Wilson is busy with the election!

A GERMAN SARCASM ON AMERICAN EFFORTS TOWARD PEACE

From the Bystander (London)

Hibernian Hospital Orderly (*to patient*): "Wake up! Wake up! and take your sleeping draught!"

AN IRISH BULL AT THE FRONT

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this country are much more ready for those issues than most of the political campaign speakers have seemed to imagine. We wish Mr. Hughes would take a leaf from Mr. Bacon's note-book.

So far, apart from his speech of acceptance, President Wilson has taken no active part in the campaign for his re-election. It has been announced unofficially that he will make no campaign trips, but will answer his opponents by addresses made at his own summer residence, Shadow Lawn. In this he is following precedent. It is evident that he believes that his best course is to point to the legislation enacted during his Administration, and to reiterate the claim that the Administration's course in international matters has kept the country out of war.

JOSIAH ROYCE

Of the three men who for years made the Philosophical Department at Harvard pre-eminent only George Herbert Palmer now survives. William James, pioneer in psychology, who adventurous mind led him into unconventional regions of thought, a philosopher who raised common sense into a position both of dignity and interest, died six years ago. And now his and Professor Palmer's colleague, Josiah Royce, has also died. There have been philosophers who treated philosophy as if it had no relation to life, and whose mental operations were as far removed from useful employment as the performance of an acrobat is from that of a skilled mechanic. It is because philosophy has seemed so often far removed from the realities of life that philosophy has had a bad name among the plain people.

Different as these three men of Harvard were, they were alike, however, in being real philosophers, lovers of wisdom, searchers for the truth that lies in reality and real experiences. This is true of Royce's idealism. That which he thought and taught he made a basis of conduct.

Though he was a profound student of the history of philosophy, he was not a receiver, reporter, or compiler of second-hand opinions. Neither did he, as many philosophers have tried to do, undertake to separate mental processes from moral considerations. He could not see any way to the truth except through loyalty. To think straight was, according to Professor Royce's philosophy, just another way of being straight.

In reading what Professor Royce wrote one feels the assumption behind it all that its truth is to be tested by experience.

A most interesting illustration of this fact occurred when the war broke out in Europe. He had expounded a theory in a book called "The Process of Interpretation." He was to read an address before the Philosophical Union of the University of California late in August, 1914. The address that he prepared is called "War and Insurance," and it was written, as he said, during August, "under the immediate influence of impressions due to the events which each day's news then brought to the notice of us all; and yet with a longing to see how the theory of 'interpretation' . . . would bear the test of an application to the new problems which the war brings to our minds."

True to his philosophy, his mind discerned the nature and character of the war and its issues. His words with regard to the wrong perpetrated by Germany were ringing words. Nothing that has been said concerning the colossal crime of Germany in sinking the Lusitania has surpassed in vigor, incisiveness, and clearness what he said last January in a meeting in Boston, when he spoke of the spirit of Germany as bearing "the primal curse upon it—a brother's murder."

Not only was his intellect a penetrating one, but it had at its command pure, clear English. Few philosophers have known so well how to write. Royce's books might well serve as models of English. Indeed, this command of the mother tongue was a characteristic of his two colleagues, Professor Palmer and Professor James, each having a distinctive style worthy of study.

Small in stature, with a Socratic kind of face, Professor Royce's outward appearance belied his intellectual stature. The youth who heard him lecture in his high, strident tones might perhaps be pardoned for failing to recognize in this teacher one of the great and impressive men of the day.

It is hard to imagine the mind of Josiah Royce as the product of any other nation than the United States. No man in outward appearance could furnish a more complete contrast to the American of British literature, with his bragging and his materialism, than he. But we believe that it is in such a man as Josiah Royce that one can discern the real American. It would be well if America to-day would listen to his philosophy; and at all costs keep faith and be loyal.

At his death Professor Royce was sixty

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years of age. He was a native of California and a graduate of the University of California, and at that University had been instructor in English literature and logic for four years when, in 1882, he was called to be an instructor in philosophy in Harvard University, where he remained in the Philosophical Department, becoming Alford Professor of Natural Religion, Moral Philosophy, and Civil Polity in March, 1914. He was the author of one novel and many books of philosophy. Like Bergson, he was one of the eminent constructive philosophers of the day.

TWO NOTABLE CITIZENS

The cities of New York and Chicago have just met with notable losses in the death of Horace White and William James Calhoun. Mr. White died in his eighty-third year. His life recalls the early days of Beloit College, from which he graduated in 1853, and the early days of journalism in Chicago, where he worked as city editor of the Chicago "Evening Journal." Mr. White on one occasion wrote:

This was the day of small things in journalism. The duties of the city editor included reporting the police court, fires, markets, theatrical matters, and public meetings; also looking over part of the exchange papers, setting type in any sudden emergency, and assisting in folding and addressing newspapers for the mail whenever help was needed in that department. The pay was five dollars per week and was often in arrears.

After remaining a year in the "Journal's" service Mr. White was appointed Chicago agent of the New York Associated Press. He then became connected with the Chicago "Tribune," and reported all the Lincoln-Douglas debates. Mr. White wrote of his first meeting with Lincoln, when the "Tribune" sent him to report the future President's speech against the Missouri Compromise:

At first glance his appearance was not attractive. He was tall, bony, angular, and destitute of all the graces except a winning cast of countenance with which he greeted all comers. But that counted for much. Kindliness and honesty beamed from his eyes and from every wrinkle on his face.

It was a warmish day in early October, and Mr. Lincoln was in his shirt sleeves when he stepped on the platform. I observed that, although awkward, he was not in the least embarrassed. He began in a slow and hesitating manner, but without any mistakes of language, dates, or facts. It was evident that he knew what he was going to say, and that he knew he was right. . . . I have heard celebrated orators who could start thunders of applause without changing any man's opinion. Mr. Lincoln's eloquence was of the higher type which produced convictions in others because of the conviction of the speaker himself.

After acting as Washington correspondent for and editor-in-chief of the Chicago "Tribune," Mr. White with others formed the first news agency to compete with the Associated Press. In 1881 Henry Villard, owner of the New York "Evening Post," invited Mr. White, Mr. Schurz, and Mr. Godkin to assume its management. Mr. White remained in active service with the "Post" until 1903. His specialty was political economy, and as his "Money and Banking," long a college text-book, shows, he was an expert on the subject.

William James Calhoun, late Minister to China, died in his sixty-ninth year. President McKinley sent him as special commissioner to Cuba, President Roosevelt sent him in the same capacity to Venezuela, and President Taft appointed him to China. At the present time, when so much is said about Japanese commercial and political aggression, it is just as well to remember Mr. Calhoun's warning as to lost opportunities in China. At a dinner given to him in Chicago on his retirement from office he remarked:

A great deal is said about "dollar diplomacy." I do not know what is meant by that phrase. In olden times the great forces were political; in later days they are more economic. The railways of China are opening up the country. The nations that lend China money have a voice in the construction, the routes and operations of the railways. We have no voice in the trade that is being opened up. . . . We talk about the "open door." Of what use is the "open door" if we never use it or if other people crowd in and occupy the field before we get there? China must be opened up. It requires money. The country is poor. We can aid by loans. We can help only by co-operation with other financial interests. If there be no governmental support, the foreign country must withdraw, and that closes the "door."

A GREAT SPANISH DRAMATIST

By the death of José Echegaray, Spain loses one of its most distinguished men of letters, and the world loses a foremost dramatist.

Echegaray did not begin his career as a

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dramatist. He began it as a professor of mathematics.

Born in Madrid in 1833, he was graduated at the age of twenty at the head of his class in the Escuela de Caminos, and soon was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the school in which he had been a student. He became quickly recognized as one of the leading engineers and mathematicians in Spain.

The revolution of 1868, which dethroned and exiled Queen Isabella, forced him into politics, and between that year and 1874 Echegaray acted as Minister of Education and of Finance. Upon the restoration of the monarchy, however, he withdrew from public life, and at the age of thirty-nine founded a new and international reputation, this time as dramatist.

The next twenty-five years he was to produce nearly fifty plays. The best known of them is "El Gran Galeoto." The title is taken from Dante. The play presents the power of slander to induce men to commit sins otherwise impossible; in other words, the play depicts the fatal mischief that may arise from irresponsible or malicious gossip. Next to this, Echegaray's best-known play is "El Hijo de Don Juan" ("The Son of Don Juan"), in which the problem of heredity is discussed along the lines laid down in Ibsen's "Ghosts." Other well-known plays are "Mariana," with its much bloodshed, and "O Locura O Santidad" ("Folly or Saintliness"), translated into English by Miss Lynch, who also translated "El Gran Galeoto." In "Locura," as in all the author's dramas, there runs a thread of what we might call mathematical exactness—his long training as a mathematician naturally led him in this direction.

Though Echegaray was a sincere Christian, a man opposed both to Anarchism and to extreme Socialism, he was doubtless influenced by the school of which Ibsen and Sudermann have perhaps been the most notable representatives. Despite their sometimes overemphasized light and shade and not a few eccentricities of manner, the Echegaray plays have had a healthful influence in Spain, and wherever they have been known. It is easy to see that their author has aimed at right and lofty ideals, especially that he has attempted to bring home the conviction of the inevitable connection of sin and retribution. His deftly manipulated plays are not without rugged grandeur.

THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

The field of activity of our Department of the Interior is so broad and inclusive that one never ought to be surprised at the list of things touched upon in reports from that Department. Under Secretary Lane are the Commissioner of the Land Office, the Commissioner of Pensions, the Commissioner of Education, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the Commissioner of Patents, the Director of the Geological Survey, of the Reclamation Service, and of the Bureau of Mines. Keeping track of such diverse undertakings is an undertaking fully worthy of the activities of even so efficient an executive as Secretary Lane. As an illustration of the range of subjects covered by Secretary Lane's Department, it is interesting to record from information received directly from the Department some of the work which has recently been done by three of its subdivisions. One story deals with the cattle industry of the West, and the other with the Indians of Alaska and the United States. In our account of this work we have borrowed generously from the language as well as the facts in the memorandum sent us by the Department.

SAVING THE WATER SUPPLY OF THE STOCK GRAZERS

The importance of the smaller springs and streams in the arid portions of the great West as a source of water supply has been appreciated for years by the miner, the stockman, and the home-seeker. When springs are a day's journey apart, their names become as well known to travelers as those of villages in the humid East. Their locations are often pointed out by the converging trails worn in the surface of the ground by the hoofs of horses and cattle seeking water.

The cattle industry of the West is dependent to a large degree upon the existence and accessibility of stock water. A single good spring may make it possible for stock to graze over twenty-five or fifty square miles of range in its vicinity. But cattle will not willingly go more than a few miles to water, and range which is far from water will consequently be left ungrazed. The ownership of a spring by a stockman, carrying with it the right to exclude the cattle of others from the water, may thus afford him control of a township or more of public grazing land.

This situation is well understood by the large stock interests, and many of the big cattle

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companies have, by judicious selection and purchase of public lands controlling springs, been able to possess and monopolize large areas of range, although they might actually own but a small portion of it. Good springs, because of the competition of rival stock interests for their possession, thus come to have great value, and the lands surrounding and controlling single springs have been sold for hundreds and even thousands of dollars.

Secretary Lane of the Interior Department, through the instrumentality of the Geological Survey, is now engaged in searching for such springs and watering places, and reserving them for the ownership of the public. As an indication of the progress being made, Secretary Lane has recently pointed out that President Wilson has withdrawn over seven hundred springs which have been reported valuable for this purpose. A single order signed by him recently withdrew over fifty springs in Arizona controlling the use of seven thousand square miles of grazing land. The entire area withdrawn from settlement is nevertheless very small, less than 30,000 acres.

Many of the withdrawals have been requested by stockmen in order that the customary use of the springs by all in common might not be disturbed as a result of the acquisition of the immediately surrounding land by ambitious individuals. The policy has been emphatically indorsed by grazers in many of the localities affected, who realize that the assertion of Government control insures fairness to all users of the public range.

GOVERNMENT HEALTH WORK AMONG THE INDIANS

Strange as it may seem to one who is unfamiliar with the organization of the Department of the Interior, work which Secretary Lane has carried on in Alaska in an attempt to check the ravages of disease among the natives has been done, not through the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, but through the Bureau of Education.

With the aid of special appropriations granted by Congress during the last two years, the Government has recently opened a well-equipped hospital at Juneau for native patients, and small hospitals are maintained at three other centers of native population. A number of physicians and nurses have been employed for service in hospitals and in maintaining sanitary conditions in native villages; and the teachers of the United States public schools in Alaska are supplied with medicines and medical books in order to enable them, in the absence of a physician, to treat minor ailments.

An investigation made several years ago showed that without this work in disease prevention on the part of the Government the native race in Alaska would soon die of tuberculosis and other diseases. The Department of the Interior and Congress have realized the urgent need for medical relief, and it is believed that the steps now taken will help to keep our record clear in maintaining the native population of Alaska, and in relieving them from the suffering caused by disease and the lack of proper medical attention.

Under the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, an officer under Mr. Lane's authority, progress has also been made in improving the health of the Government wards within the United States itself.

The widespread prevalence of tuberculosis and trachoma among the Indians has made necessary most vigorous efforts to meet the health conditions on the several reservations. To this end earnest efforts have been made to afford better hospital facilities, the number of such hospitals having been increased from 53 in 1912, with a capacity of 1,256, to 74 in 1915, with a capacity of 2,045, and more are contemplated.

Substantial increases have also been made in the number of field matrons and nurses, and an attempt has been made to furnish the best practicable service with the appropriations that Congress would make.

Modern thought having indicated the importance of well-cared-for teeth, seven traveling dentists have been employed, whose duty it is to keep the teeth of the children enrolled in Indian schools in the best condition practicable.

In Montana a hospital has been constructed and equipped on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, and a house-to-house health campaign has been conducted by a corps of experts with a view to improving conditions among these Indians.

On the Crow Reservation a new hospital has been erected and equipped. A camp hospital has been erected on the Flathead Reservation, and a building on the military reservation at Fort Spokane has been remodeled into a hospital. On the Western

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Shoshone, Idaho, Reservation a day school is being remodeled into a hospital.

The Indian is turning more and more to the white man's physician and his medicine, and the day of the Indian medicine man is rapidly passing on every reservation.

THE STONEMEN

The Rev. H. C. Stone is the rector of Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia. Owing primarily to his magnetic personality, but also partly to "Billy" Sunday's Philadelphia campaign, the Men's Club of this church received a large number of new members about a year ago; indeed, the membership was not bound by the limits of the parish. But they continued to come, and are steadily coming. They now reach the seemingly incredible figures of over 140,000 first degree men, some 32,000 second degree men, and about 1,200 third degree men. They call themselves, after the name of their organizer and chaplain, "Stonemen."

What is the cause of this particular movement, and what is the meaning of its three degrees?

First, because there are more men than we think who have reached the conclusion that a life with God as its center is the happiest and truest of lives—indeed, the only life—and they have very likely reached this conclusion after vain attempts to reach happiness through other channels.

Second, because in order to live this life any man is helped by others who are trying to live it.

But does not the Church exist for just this purpose? It does, but it has many divisions. Because of them many like-minded men have never actually shared the same religious privileges or the same religious experiences. They come together, therefore, not because they want to withdraw from any one division of the Christian Church, not because they want to subtract from their positive convictions, but because they mean to add to them. True to their spiritual heritage, each member of the organization wants to be what he is and something more.

To bind themselves together by opportunities to share the same religious privileges and the same religious experiences the Stonemen have instituted three degrees. Each degree is conferred in a distinctly religious service given in buildings dedicated to divine worship.

To be eligible to the first degree a man must be eighteen years old, of God-fearing and brotherly spirit, and have a certificate of character and conduct from the Representative Committee.

All first degree men are eligible for the second degree. To be admitted there must be a favorable recommendation regarding the candidate's character and conduct from the degree master, a certificate from the chaplain that the candidate has been sufficiently instructed in the principles of the Christian religion, and the baptismal service for those who are unbaptized, while for those already baptized there is a renewal of their baptismal vows. Every man who is unbaptized and has no church home is given his choice of religious affiliation and is baptized in the church of that affiliation.

All second degree men are eligible for the third degree. The qualifications are a certificate from his degree master that he has lived up to the requirements of the second degree since initiation into it, a certificate from the chaplain that he has satisfactorily passed the examination for the third degree, and the rite of the laying on of hands. In the case of those upon whom this rite has never been performed, the honorary chaplain (the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Pennsylvania) officiates, using the Prayer-Book service. In the case of all others he simply lays his hands upon them, sealing and witnessing the candidate's renewal of his baptismal vows. Members of the third degree are expected to partake of the Lord's Supper at least once a month; indeed, application for the third degree is an evidence of the candidate's desire for the Communion with all those thus minded. If any third degree candidate has already been admitted to communion in any Christian church, he may, if he wishes, sign the following statement:

> In submitting to the laying on of hands I am desirous of receiving whatever spiritual gift may come thereby and also of being admitted into the sacred rite [the holy communion] of the Fellowship. I am not disparaging the spiritual value of admission to communion in the —— Church or of the Lord's Supper as administered in that Church.

OBJECTIONS CONSIDERED AND ANSWERED

Despite this, as the Fellowship has increased in numbers, so has adverse criticism from those who might approve everything but the confirmation feature. Many of them

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met in Philadelphia recently and issued a declaration of principles urging the Fellowship to modify its ritual.

Certainly the growth of the organization has given rise to interdenominational problems not present a year ago when the Fellowship was small and was merely a group connected with an Episcopal parish. Certainly the Fellowship should adjust itself to changed conditions and prove to be a unifying rather than a divisive force.

But the objection of some clergymen is no proof of the invalidity of the plan. A few things may be taken into account, we think:

1. Though the Fellowship is probably too young to justify all the affirmations respecting its spiritual fruitage, we can at least say that, in general, it has done more good than harm. Is not this all that can fairly be said even of the work of an organized Christian communion?

2. As to confirmation or the laying on of hands, a convinced Congregational clergyman remarked the other day: "I have partaken of communion in Episcopal churches, but if it were a prerequisite that I should be confirmed I see no reason why I should not make this concession to the peculiarity of ritual in that body, thus accomplishing church unity in a practical way." That other men think so too is shown by the fact that of one hundred and fifty Stonemen who partook of the Lord's Supper together the other day only eleven were Episcopalians. After the service they all went to their respective churches. Did the sacramental union make them any worse Presbyterians and Methodists and Baptists?

3. As to unity. The chaplain, in addition to his own duties as rector, preaches in a different church every Sunday morning. He writes us: "I have engagements up to February 1, 1917. If I am alive on January 1, 1917, I shall have preached in fifty-two different churches on fifty-two consecutive Sundays, representing every known Protestant faith in this city" (Philadelphia). Thus the Fellowship sets forth the opportunity to get back to primitive ages and show to the world at large the unity of all who acknowledge Christ in a religion which has nothing to do either with religious politics or religious denominationalism.

4. As to evidences of religious growth, the services above mentioned have always been crowded, seventy per cent of the attendance being men. Every Sunday afternoon the second degree is given to about six hundred men, and thousands are actually now in preparation for the third. They represent all Protestant denominations.

5. The Fellowship is human. During the very hot weather the men take off their coats in church, but in this way an opportunity is created to preach to fifteen hundred men in summer, and this has been the case every Sunday.

6. Requests from some sixty cities have come for the establishment of the movement.

The social life of the Fellowship centers around a Saturday evening meeting and the religious life around a Sunday evening service, the latter addressed by representatives of various Christian communions.

MUNICIPAL FORESTS

In that admirable publication, "American Forestry," Mr. J. W. Toumey, director of the Yale Forest School, has an article which should be read by all interested in city ownership of forest property. Though this is the dominant forest ownership in Switzerland, it has been until recently practically unknown in the United States. It is therefore gratifying to note that the movement here is now rapidly advancing, even if areas thus acquired have been mostly for the purposes either of protecting near-by watersheds from which potable water is obtained, or for recreation. In ten of the United States there is now a total communal forest area of over one hundred and thirty thousand acres, and, when complete data of all those forests are obtained, Mr. Toumey believes that there will be over two hundred and fifty thousand acres.

For instance: In New Jersey, Newark leads with its great property of more than twenty-two thousand acres; then there is that of the Essex County Park Commission, of more than three thousand acres; then Atlantic City's two thousand acres; then the eight hundred acres belonging to East Orange and the two hundred and fifty acres belonging to Bridgeton. A large part of the Newark tract is farm land that has been depopulated to prevent water contamination. At various times young trees have been planted, and the tract will one day become forested. In contrast, over two thousand acres in the Essex County Park Commission's property are forested with hard woods, and half the East Orange property is in forest, while planting is in progress on half of the

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remainder, and a forest nursery is maintained.

Hartford, the capital of Connecticut, would seem to have a model tract in its more than four thousand acres which protect the city's water supply. During the past fifteen years, systematic planting, the removal of mature and diseased wood, the construction of roads, and other work has been in progress, assuring the orderly development of the property for timber production, as well as for the purposes of water protection and recreation.

Thus we note the recognition of the value of land for the production of timber without lessening its importance for the other purposes above mentioned. The movement towards town and county ownership of nearby forested areas must, we believe, increase in effectiveness. In this, as in some other respects, our country should take its stand nearer that older republic, Switzerland.

BAD TEETH AND MENTALITY

In The Outlook for August 23, 1916, Dr. Matthias Nicoll, Jr., of the New York State Health Department, called attention to the effect of bad teeth on health. The effect of bad teeth on mentality is no less marked. Some time ago an experiment was carried on in a Cleveland school under the auspices of the National Dental Association and other dental societies to discover if bad teeth had any effect on mentality. Ten dentists, with nurses and attendants, visited the Marion School by arrangement with the Board of Education and inspected the teeth of the 846 students. Forty pupils from five grades —approximately ten per cent of the children in those grades—were made a special class for observation and study. These children were to have their teeth put into perfect condition free, be made to brush their teeth three times a day and to eat properly. A five-dollar gold-piece was offered to each child who continued faithful throughout the test. Twenty-seven of the forty got their gold-pieces. The test lasted a year and a half.

Before anything else was done two psychological tests were held by Dr. Wallin, the noted psychologist, to determine the capacity of the children in memory, accuracy of perception, rapidity and accuracy of thought, and spontaneity of thought and differentiation. Two more tests were held while the children's teeth were being treated; and two others a sufficient length of time after the mouths were put in perfect condition. Among the children were some who were well behaved, earnest, and bright, while some were disobedient, reckless, and troublesome. The selections for the class were made wholly according to the dental charts, only children with teeth in bad condition being chosen. Most of the children had sallow, muddy complexions, and suffered from headaches, liver complaint, heart trouble, and other ills.

When the teeth had been put in perfect condition, and the children had learned how to eat properly—sensitive teeth had formerly prevented them from chewing their food properly—these ailments disappeared, complexions cleared, and deportment improved wonderfully. In short, the children were simply made over. But the most striking change, perhaps, was mental. The psychological tests made after the teeth had been treated showed an average gain in mentality for the entire class of 99.8 per cent. In other words, treating the teeth almost doubled the mental capacity of these children. They could do the same amount of work better and in much less time than before the test.

Striking though all this is, the most significant thing brought to light by this and other teeth investigations, perhaps, is the fact that practically all children suffer from defective teeth. The city of Boston found that eighty-four per cent of its children had defective teeth or mouths. The New York City Department of Health found that practically ninety-nine per cent of New York children suffer likewise. In the Marion School at Cleveland Dr. Ebersole's committee found three among eight hundred and forty-six children with perfect teeth. Many of these imperfections are doubtless slight; but many are of a serious nature. It is evident that many of our children, because of dental deterioration induced by new modes of living, are being badly handicapped.

Confirming the findings by the Cleveland investigators are the results obtained by treating the teeth of the insane at Blockley, the Philadelphia almshouse. No one, of course, would be so absurd as to claim that prophylactic dentistry can make a genius out of a blockhead or a sane person out of one suffering from organic brain disease. But it is certainly becoming more and more clear that an intelligent care of the mouth and teeth is essential to a normally healthy condition of both the body and the mind.

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CHARLES EVANS HUGHES
AS SELF-REVEALED

In 1910 Charles E. Hughes was selected to be one of the nine Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States to whom the people have given power to determine with authority what is just. In that work he was engaged till his resignation in June, 1916. Mr. W. L. Ransom has made a careful examination of Justice Hughes's decisions during this period; his book,[1] therefore, enables the lay reader to see what are the judgments of Mr. Hughes on many of the great questions of right and wrong now before the American people. This is a much more valuable record of the opinions and character of the Presidential candidate than either the platform of his party or his campaign speeches, for it is unaffected by personal ambition or possible political prejudices.

If any reader is inclined to say that the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States are appointed to determine, not what is just, but what is law, we reply that Mr. Hughes is of a different opinion. He regards law as an instrument for the maintenance of justice, and, therefore, the spirit of the law as the standard by which its words are to be interpreted. This is strikingly illustrated by his dissenting opinion in the famous case of Leo M. Frank, where the question for the Court was whether Mr. Frank had been convicted by "due process of law." The majority of the Court held that it was "due" if it was legally regular; Mr. Hughes and Mr. Holmes held that it was not "due" if it had been vitiated by mob influence. This putting of practical justice above technical regularity appears to be a characteristic habit of mind with Mr. Hughes.

During his five years and eight months' service in the Supreme Court Justice Hughes prepared one hundred and fifty opinions which were rendered as the opinions of the Court. In only nine instances was there dissent from his opinion, and in but three of those did more than one Justice dissent. Mr. Ransom correctly designates him as a "teamwork Judge." When he dissented from the majority, it was generally, if not always, because in his interpretation of the law he was more progressive or more human than his associates and less governed than they by tradition and by the letter of the law.

Mr. Hughes is clearly a Nationalist. He holds, with Chief Justice Marshall, that the United States is a Nation and has all the powers and prerogatives of a Nation. During his judicial tenure the question of the power of the Nation has been especially involved in dealing with the National railways, and his opinions on this subject, quoted at great length, thoroughly justify Mr. Ransom's summary:

> Congress may, in its discretion, for the better regulation and control of inter-State commerce, take authority over intra-State rates and transactions of carriers doing an inter-State business, and may require such readjustment of intra-State rates and regulations as the paramount interests of the National commerce may make advisable, even though such intra-State rates and regulations have been determined and prescribed by State authority and have the full approval of the carriers concerned.

The authority conferred by the Constitution upon the Federal Government to regulate inter-State commerce may be used not only for the promotion and regulation of commerce, but for the promotion of the general material and moral welfare of the Nation. This principle has been affirmed by Mr. Hughes, as by the Court to which he belonged, in protecting the Nation from adulterated food and drugs, in prohibiting the white slave traffic, and in restricting child labor.

He is far, however, from desiring the merger of the States in the Nation. He says, "If there were centered in Washington a single source of authority from which proceeded all the governmental forces of the country, . . . I think we should swiftly demand and set up a different system. If we did not have States, we should speedily have to create them." But within their boundaries the power of the State is as complete as the power of the Federal Government in the Nation.

The contrast between his interpretation and that of the New York Court of Appeals of the police power of the State is interesting and instructive. The Court of Appeals, in a famous case dealing with the Workmen's Compensation Law, said: "Every man's right to life, liberty, and property is to be disposed of in accordance with those *ancient* and fundamental principles which were in existence when our Constitutions were adopted." Contrast with this the decision of the Supreme

[1] Charles E. Hughes. The Statesman as Shown in the Opinions of the Jurist. By William L. Ransom. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

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Court, in which Judge Hughes concurred, that the police power "may be put forth in aid of what is sanctioned by usage or held by the prevailing morality or strong and preponderant opinion to be greatly and immediately necessary to the public welfare." One decision makes the test of the power of the State the *ancient* principles in existence when our Constitutions were adopted; the other decision makes the test what the preponderant opinion regards as greatly and immediately necessary to the public welfare. Evidently in the judgment of Mr. Hughes the courts may be guided, but must not be governed, by the precedents of the past.

This fundamental principle determines his judgments in dealing with modern questions of right and wrong. He believes in liberty, but "liberty implies the absence of arbitrary restraint, not immunity from reasonable regulations and prohibitions imposed in the interests of the community." Therefore "freedom of contract is a qualified and not an absolute right. There is no absolute freedom to do as one wills or to contract as one chooses." Government, therefore, has a right to interfere with the traditional freedom of contract in order to do whatever is necessary to protect in our modern complicated civilization the real rights of the individual. Thus government may fix a labor day for women, children, and railway employees—perhaps for others also; may enact a "full crew law;" may enact a workmen's compensation law; may prohibit an employer from requiring an employee to sign an agreement not to belong to a trades union. In affirming this last conclusion Mr. Hughes, Mr. Holmes, and Mr. Day dissented from the majority of the Court.

This duty of the Government to protect the individual inspires another series of decisions. We do not think that any Judge has gone farther than Mr. Hughes in maintaining the right of government to modify or repeal franchises found operating to the injury of the public, or to regulate, restrain, or prevent monopolies, even when their defense is attempted under patent or copyright law.

Ex-President Eliot has pointed out the failure of democracy to avail itself of the advantage of experts and the importance of correcting this failure. The right of the Government to make use of experts, and for this purpose to employ administrative commissions and give large discretionary power to them, is sustained by Mr. Hughes, and this fact, coupled with his acts when Governor of New York State, warrants the opinion that he would, as President of the United States, favor an extension in the employment of this instrument of government. Indirectly and by implication, perhaps all the more significant for that reason, his attitude on the question of hyphenated citizenship is indicated by an opinion of the Court, which he did not write but in which he agreed, in which it is said: "These requirements [of naturalization] plainly contemplated that the applicant, if admitted, should be a citizen in fact as well as in name—that he should assume and bear the obligations and duties of that status as well as enjoy its rights and privileges."

What Mr. Hughes thinks of the wisdom of the referendum, initiative, and recall does not appear; but he agrees with the unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court that nothing in the Constitution forbids the employment of these methods of political action by any State that desires to make use of them.

Judge Hughes's decisions when on the Supreme Court Bench indicate that he is a radical, but a conservative radical. By a radical we mean a root man, that is, a man who goes to the roots of things in reaching his conclusions; by a conservative we mean a man who believes in evolution, not in revolution. He is a modern man, facing the facts of modern life and attempting to adapt laws and policies to modern conditions; a progressive man, believing that the United States Constitution is a flexible instrument, like the bark which better protects the tree because it grows with the growth of the tree; and, above all, a human man, seeking to use all legal instruments and all public policies as instruments of justice, and to test them by their effect on the public welfare.

Those who think that progress is peril, and that the Nation is safe only as it adheres to the traditions of the fathers, must look upon the election of Mr. Hughes as a grave danger to be averted if possible. Those who agree with von Holst that "a constitution which resembles a Chinese shoe can suit only a nation which has sunk into Chinese inertia," and who believe that the only way to protect the people and promote their welfare is to keep institutions and laws, political, educational, and religious, a living, growing organism, will hope for Mr. Hughes's election, and see in it both a safeguard from peril and a promise of true National prosperity.

There is nothing in this record of Justice

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Hughes's opinions to indicate directly his judgment on the international questions now before the country, because those questions did not come before the Court during his tenure of office; but it indicates a man who believes in the duty of the Nation to do whatever may be necessary to protect the rights and promote the welfare of the people; and it very directly indicates a man who in spirit and temper is in harmony with progressive principles in dealing with domestic problems.

A MISTAKEN PROPHET

In the issue of The Outlook for September 9, 1914, we gave editorially an account of General Bernhardi's volume entitled "Germany and the Next War." This volume was published three years before (1911) for the purpose of stirring up in the German people a war spirit in which General Bernhardi thought they were lamentably lacking; and it pointed out the objects to be gained and the methods to be pursued in gaining them. As an interpretation of the spirit of the war party and its purposes this volume was exceedingly useful. The author contended that it was both the right and the duty of Germany to make war—her right because war was necessary to her expansion, her duty because only by war could she fulfill her mission, which was to give to the world her own superior culture and maintain in the work that leadership which the possession of that superior culture made it her duty to maintain. In his attempt to interpret the spirit of other nations and to forecast their probable action the author was not as successful as in his interpretation of the spirit and probable action of the war party of Germany. It is interesting to compare at the present time his political prophecies in 1911 with political conditions in 1916.

General Bernhardi thought that if the war between Germany and the three Allies—France, England, and Russia—should be much delayed "the states not originally taking part in the war might interfere in our favor." Bulgaria and Turkey have done so; but their power has been far more than counterbalanced by the addition to the Allies of Italy, Japan, Servia, Belgium, Montenegro, Rumania, and Portugal; and at this writing there is a great probability that Greece also will be added at an early day.

General Bernhardi recognized the power of England's fleet, but thought that "England's troops would only serve as reinforcements; they are too weak for an independent campaign. English interests also lie in a quite different field, and are not coincident with those of France;" and he thought that "it is very questionable whether the English army is capable of effectively acting on the offensive against Continental European troops." In fact, England's army of 180,000 men, fighting against great odds, helped materially to hold the German advance in check for a sufficient length of time to enable Joffre to bring up the French forces, win the Battle of the Marne, and save Paris from the destruction which fell upon Louvain. And its present co-operation with the French forces on the western lines is proving a very effective offensive against the best of Germany's army.

General Bernhardi thought that a speedy end of the war would be essential to England. "The centrifugal forces of her loosely compacted world empire might be set in movement, and the colonies might consult their own separate interests, should England have her hands tied by a great war. It is not unlikely that revolutions might break out in India and Egypt, if England's forces were long occupied with a European war." In fact, not only the colonies, but India also, are furnishing some excellent fighting material for England in this war for the preservation of democracy against militarism.

General Bernhardi appreciated "the tactical value of the French troops;" but said that "the French army lacks the subordination under a single commander, the united spirit which characterizes the German army, the tenacious strength of the German race, and the *esprit de corps* of the officers." Contrast with this estimate the Battle of the Marne, the heroic defense of Verdun, and the pending offensive of the French army on the Somme.

He thought that "England only wishes to use France in order, with her help, to attain her own special ends; but she will never impose on herself sacrifices which are not absolutely necessary, for the private advantage of her ally." The story of England's daily self-sacrifice is written in letters which all the world can read.

He recognized the fact that "Russia will certainly put huge armies into the field against us," and that "Russia, owing to her vast extent, is . . . secure against subjugation." But he was quite sure that "the inhabitants will hardly ever show self-devotion

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in wars whose objects cannot be clear to them." Those sections of the people who have sworn to the revolutionary colors "would only make use of a war to promote their own revolutionary schemes." In fact, not only general indications, but the uniform testimony of well-informed correspondents, including that of our own Mr. Mason, all point to an unusual degree of enthusiasm in the common soldiers of Russia. Instinct sometimes takes the place of education, and the peasantry of Russia instinctively realize that in fighting against the militarism of Germany they are fighting for their own liberty.

The contrast between Bernhardi's prophecies and the facts of history makes very significant the closing sentence of his chapter entitled "The Character of Our Next War:" "But it is an evil day for her [Germany] if she relies on the semblance of power, or, miscalculating her enemies' strength, is content with half-measures, and looks to luck or chance for that which can only be attained by the exertion and development of all her powers." And it makes equally significant the title of one of his chapters, "World Power or Downfall." It does not look like World Power. It begins to look very much like Downfall.

ANOTHER WAY TO PREVENT STRIKES

In a country village Mr. G—— runs an automobile bus from the station, carrying passengers to their homes. The fare is twenty-five cents. To buy his bus he took three thousand dollars out of the savings bank. Out of the fares which he collects he must get at least four per cent interest on the three thousand dollars, enough money to keep his bus in repair, enough to constitute a fund with which to buy another bus when this one wears out, and enough to provide a livelihood for himself and his family. All that he gets over and above these combined sums is profit and can go back to the savings bank.

A great railway runs through this village. It is owned by sixty thousand stockholders. One or two hundred officers manage this railway, determining what trains shall be run and what charges shall be made for transporting freight and passengers. Another group of sixty thousand men, as conductors, engineers, baggage-masters, switchmen, and the like, run the railway. This railway must pay to its owners an interest on the money which they have spent in building the railway, must provide a fund for keeping the railway in repair and renewing its rolling stock from time to time, and funds sufficient to give a comfortable livelihood to the officers and the operatives. All over and above the sum total of these funds is profit. Under the present system that profit goes to the owners of the road.

Under this system the owners naturally want the largest possible dividends and the operatives naturally want the largest possible wages. Arbitration, compulsory or voluntary, is simply a means for the settlement of controversies that arise between the owners and the operatives when those controversies become acute and cannot be settled by amicable negotiation. Mr. P. A. Sinsheimer, the financial expert of the Railroad Commission of California, in a letter to The Outlook, proposes a more radical method—one which would prevent the conflict of interests between the owners and the operatives—by fixing the rate of interest to be paid to the owners in dividends and the rate of compensation to be paid to the managers and operatives in wages, and then dividing the profits on some fair basis between the three—owners, managers, and operatives. The plan is thus briefly stated by him:

> Provision for co-operation between the National Government and the inter-State railroads along some such lines as the present method of co-operation between municipalities and their street railway systems in Chicago and Kansas City, under which a proper return may be assured the carriers, the extra revenues to be divided between the Government, the carriers, and perhaps the employees.

From this paragraph we should strike out the word "perhaps." As a plan to prevent strikes by putting an end to the conflict of interests between owners and operatives, it would be essential that the employees should have a share in the profits when there are any. It is evident that if the operatives had a share in the profits of the railway they would have an interest in its prosperity, and would be naturally desirous to promote, on the one hand, every rational economy, and, on the other hand, every possible efficiency in the service of the public.

The advantages of such a plan are great, but we fear at the present time it must be regarded as a "counsel of perfection." The labor leaders would oppose it because it

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would deprive them of their power and make their offices needless; the capitalists would oppose it because they would think it would reduce their profits; and the public would hesitate to adopt it because it is new, and conservatism always hesitates about initiating a new experiment. But if it were accepted by owners, managers, operatives, and the general public, and incorporated in the law of the land, it would have a great advantage over the present system, because it would put an end to the conflict of interests, and therefore to the labor wars which grow out of that conflict of interests; and it would have great advantages over State Socialism, because it would not be accompanied by the political evils which the public naturally fear from ownership and operation of the railways by the Government.

A judicial settlement of controversies between capitalists is much better than war; but a community of interests which prevents such controversies from arising is better than either.

SETH LOW

In the death of Mr. Seth Low New York City loses one whom the "Tribune" calls "New York's First Citizen." His career affords a fine illustration of the kind of service which can be rendered to this country by those who belong to what is called the leisure class. A man of wealth and culture, with honorary degrees not only from the foremost American universities but also from the University of Edinburgh, he might easily have joined those who devote themselves to the refined self-indulgence of culture. Instead, he devoted both his money and his energies to indefatigable labors for the public welfare.

During his college days the Tweed Ring was in possession of New York City. It furnished a monstrous exhibition of a widespread corruption which made the government of the great cities of America cesspools of political iniquity. The young graduate perceived even then that municipal government furnished a vital problem to the American people. Over one-third of the population of the United States live in cities of over ten thousand inhabitants. If democratic government, that is, government both by the people and for the people, cannot be maintained in these influential centers, it is hopeless to expect that it can be maintained throughout the country. Mr. Low was a pioneer in that movement, which has gone on with gathering strength, despite many disappointments and defeats, to redeem American cities from debasing misrule. At thirty-one years of age he was elected Mayor of Brooklyn on an Independent ticket. In his administration he introduced into the government of that city a reform of the Civil Service and applied to it the principle subsequently formulated by President Cleveland in the phrase, "A public office is a public trust." His service was recognized by his fellow-citizens in his re-election for a second term. The unfortunate tradition of America that no executive may hold office for more than two terms made impossible even raising the question of a continuous election.

Four years later he was elected to the presidency of his Alma Mater, Columbia College. The changes which had taken place, due to the phenomenal growth of New York City, had made the location of that college undesirable. Under his administration the very difficult task was accomplished of removing it to its present site on the western shore of Manhattan Island, overlooking the Hudson River. His generous contribution gave both example and inspiration to other donors. Land in apparent excess of its immediate needs was purchased, involving a considerable debt, but purchased at a price which would have made the transaction financially wise even as a speculation. Under his administration the Law School was reorganized and its methods brought into harmony with modern thought; the College of Physicians and Surgeons became a part of Columbia; a School of Philosophy was established; and the Teachers College, a normal institute now possessing a National reputation, and Barnard College, which ranks with the foremost of American colleges for women, were added to what is now everywhere known as Columbia University.

This work of reorganization and reconstruction accomplished, Mr. Low resigned, and in 1901 was elected on a fusion ticket Mayor of New York City. If his administration of Greater New York was not as evidently a success as his previous administration of Brooklyn, it was because the conditions were of a sort that made such success almost impossible. He took a government honeycombed with fraud and did all that a man without autocratic powers and without magnetic personality could do to fulfill his

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ante-election pledge in favor of city home rule, responsibility to the people, good schools, clean streets, the extension of the city's ownership of public works, rapid transit, police reform. His promise of a non-partisan administration was fulfilled by his non-partisan appointments; they included men of all party affiliations—Republican, Democratic, and Independent. Not the least service rendered during his administration were the early steps taken in the development of the present admirable rapid transit system, which brings all parts of Greater New York within easy reach of all its citizens.

Although in public affairs Mr. Low's personality could not be called magnetic in the sense in which that term is used for such characters as Henry Clay or James G. Blaine, his personality was influential over those with whom he came into personal contact. An occasion that had a tragic aspect afforded an illustration of this quiet and effective influence. He was with a party of educational experts in the South when the special train on which they were traveling was wrecked. Four of the railway employees were killed and several of the passengers were seriously injured. The accident was depressing in its effect upon all aboard the train. When every service imaginable had been rendered to the injured, Mr. Low began quietly to restore the spirits of his companions. And there are many who remember with gratitude the effect his influence had in restoring the more nervous and sensitive of the group to a state of poise and self-control.

Beyond the service which Mr. Low rendered to the city which was his home is the example which he set to men of wealth, in showing them what incalculable service can be rendered by members of the leisure class if they are willing to devote their energies to the promotion of the public welfare. In particular, he devoted a large part of his time during the later years of his life to the cause of co-operation between capital and labor. Without gifts as a popular orator, Mr. Low was an effective speaker; without great scholarship, he wrought a great achievement as a college president; without the power to enkindle enthusiasm among masses of men, he won warm affection from the few friends who knew him best, and from the whole community a respect which no attacks of political opponents were ever able to diminish.

HERE AND NOW

An army of men and women are looking for "chances," to use a word commonly taken to mean opportunities. They are eager to be something worth while and to do something that will count in the world. To many of them the search seems to be fruitless; in spite of passionate appeals the heavens are brass over their heads.

And there are some men and women against whom the doors seem to be barred, but they are few; the trouble with the vast majority is that they do not understand the meaning of two very inconspicuous monosyllables—*here* and *now*. A teacher who has the gift of diverting her pupils from looking for things outside themselves by showing them how to find unexpected things inside themselves insists that they shall form the habit of looking through things instead of looking at things. Reclamation, which is one of the key words of the time, is chiefly finding the uses of things that have been overlooked or neglected; and fortunes are being made to-day by the utilization of things that were thrown away a generation ago. The by-products of one period become the staple products of the next period. People with brains have looked through them instead of at them.

Most people fail of the success they long for because they do not look through things; they rest in appearances, and are deluded and, so to speak, tricked by the outward show of things. It is a mistake to look for chances at a distance; for chances, like charity, begin at home. They are not even next door; they are in the house. Like Emerson's "Hypocritic Days," they are meanly attired, and those who judge by appearances think them of no account and give them no hospitality; when they have gone beyond recall, they shine like princesses with priceless gifts in their hands. They stop at the doors of many who are not at home because they are abroad looking for chances. The tragedy of failure is far oftener in absence from home when the chance comes than in the fruitless search for it.

The chance lies chiefly in us, and we invite success, not by sending invitations abroad, but by making ourselves ready to entertain the chance when it comes. Mr. Nicholson has recently said that one reason why so many second-class men are prominent in American politics is the fact that so many first-class men would rather be President

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of the Pennsylvania Railroad than of the United States. However that may be, the man at the head of that great transportation enterprise did not start out and look for that position; he did the work that fell to him day by day with such fidelity and skill that the obscure path he climbed led straight on to the top of the hill.

The young physician who means to become an authority does not waste the days when he is waiting for patients; he makes himself ready by the hardest kind of study. The young lawyer of ability, waiting for clients, does not fill his apprenticeship with impatient wishes for their coming; he qualifies himself for the time when he will be mercilessly tested by his opportunities. The romance of real success is the story of obscure years of faithful preparation for the chance which at last opens the door. Waiting for a chance does not mean sitting at home and letting the world go by; it means putting into the present hours the most faithful kind of preparation, and dealing with the task in hand as if it were the work on which all the future depends—as very likely it is.

OUR RACIAL ABILITY TO LEARN LESSONS

The nightmare of an American woman on hearing that, after our Civil War lesson and in the midst of the great war lesson, Congress was arranging for our National defense (whether by regulars, reserve, or militia) on the illogical, unjust voluntary system.

TIME—THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY

REFLECTIONS OF A RECRUITING OFFICER ON A STALWART PASSER-BY IN TIME OF WAR

Your country badly needs you, young sir; you've a fine physique. It is just such young strength that we want. You don't care to go? You have need of your own strength to help you rise in the world, to get rich and enjoy yourself?

You are quite within your rights, sir. Our glorious traditions sustain you. Why should any man fight if he doesn't want to? Why should he protect the country that protects him if he doesn't care to?

But if all felt, or rather acted, as you do (for I dare say all *want* their manhood for themselves), the country would soon be at the enemy's mercy, and then where would be your wealth and your pleasures?

To be sure, you judge rightly. That day will never come. There will always be found enough courageous, patriotic Americans to protect you. Of course we ignore, in theory, the time when we were forced to conscription after our best had been killed off. After all, it is a wonderful liberty that allows a man to take his all from his country and give in return only what he chooses.

Yet it is sad to see all the bravest going to face death while the selfish cowards stay home to play or get rich. All civilized nations but the Anglo-Saxon make all men do their part and take their chances. Shot and shell are no respecters of persons; cowards

REFLECTIONS OF A TAX-COLLECTOR ON A WEALTHY PASSER-BY IN TIME OF PEACE

Your country badly needs a bit of your wealth, good sir. You've accumulated a fine fortune. It is a portion of such fortunes that we need. You don't care to give? You have need of all your money for comforts and luxuries?

You are quite within your rights, sir. Our glorious law that rights the patent inconsistency and injustice of our old fiscal policy, that blot on Anglo-Saxon liberty for so many dark centuries, sustains you. Why should any man pay taxes if he doesn't want to? Why should he support the country that supports him if he does not care to? It was an outrageous infringement on personal liberty.

But if all felt, or rather acted, as you do (for I dare say all *want* their wealth for themselves), the country would soon go to pieces—no roads, no schools, no police; and then where would be your comfort and safety?

Are you sure that enough generous, patriotic Americans will always be found to give these things to you? After all, it is a wonderful liberty that allows a man to take his all from his country and give in return only what he chooses.

We are sorely in need of many things, sir, and your fortune is large, but never for a minute would I seem to detract from the beauty of our wonderful voluntary contribu-

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are as likely to be killed as brave men. Science tells us that nature goes so far as to let the unfit die, only the fit to survive to produce more fit. We, transcending nature with our man-made laws, send our noblest to death while we allow our worst to stay home.

All-glorious liberty, heritage of the Anglo-Saxon and the Chinaman! Yet, now I come to think of it, it was not so in old Anglo-Saxon times, nor for centuries later—eorl, thegn, and ceorl each had his place in the army of freemen, as did each rank in the feudal system.

But no doubt our system is right; it must be if it is ours, though it does seem bad economy on the part of our motherland. O glorious motherland, it is impossible that she lacks wisdom and justice!

Rest secure, brave sir, your mother will sustain you, your brothers protect you.

How glorious is freedom!

tion system by appearing to over-urge you. Better that the country be reduced to penury than that we return to that unjust system of extortion by which every man paid taxes according to his wealth, without ever being consulted as to whether he cared to pay or not. Unbearable as it seems, even in the otherwise enlightened twentieth century men were forced to pay for things in which they had no personal interest. The Quaker helped pay for the standing professional army, the mountaineer for the dredging of valley rivers, the man of the prairie for the coast lighthouses. How entirely inconsistent with our ever-glorious ideal of a voluntary army! Why should a man be forced to support his country when he is not forced to protect her in her hour of danger? You are quite within your rights, sir.

How wonderful is our motherland, always right, always just!

How glorious is freedom!

THE CRIME OF GERMANY

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have received a letter from a pro-German who states the opinion that "France is not defending the cause of right and justice" and that "morally her cause was lost from the beginning." He then proceeds to justify Germany. I have replied to him by placing the blame for the war squarely on Prussianized Germany, and have called his attention to what I consider Germany's great crime as follows:

When I speak of the crime of Germany, I do not refer to her acknowledged support of Austria when the latter hurled that savage ultimatum at Servia which inevitably meant a general war. That was indeed a crime—a crime against Europe as a whole; but it was not Germany's great crime. Nor do I allude to Germany's confessed violation of her treaty with Belgium, nor her brutal treatment of that nation after violating it. These also are great crimes, which will blot the pages of Germany's history for centuries to come. Nor do I refer to the sinking of the Lusitania with more than eleven hundred innocent victims, or that of the Arabic or the Sussex; nor do I mean the failure to stop her obedient ally, the Turk, when engaged in the murder of one million innocent Armenians while she passively looked on. All these must be charged to her criminal account, but they are only offshoots of a still greater crime. Neither do I refer to her barbarous methods of warfare, her cowardly use of hostages, the dropping of bombs on non-combatants, her poisonous gases and other infernal inventions—all features in her diabolical campaign of frightfulness. Nor do I allude to her dastardly spy work throughout the world, which made criminals of her very representatives, whom she now honors with decorations for their underhand stabs at neutral countries. Nor do I mean Germany's systematic policy of transparent lying, as when she charged Belgium with unneutrality or France with attacking Nuremberg, or charged that the Lusitania was armed, or that it sank rapidly because the cargo exploded, or that the ship torpedoed at the very hour when the Sussex went down and at the same place was not the Sussex. These false statements served their purposes at the moment. But what must be said of a nation that sacrifices honor and truth whenever convenient!

No, Germany's list of crimes is long and heavy and can never be wholly expiated; but behind all these is a greater and more fundamental crime—the parent of all those enumerated above. It is a long-drawn-out crime. It has taken forty years to plan it and to

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develop it; but it was well planned and ably developed—witness its malign results. I allude to the *Prussianized system of education in Germany*.

For thousands of years the human race has been slowly and steadily emerging from barbarism. This progress has been based on the principles of truth and justice, which have more and more come to control the relations of individuals and of states. Dazed and staggered by German propaganda, many are now asking whether civilization has been advancing throughout these ages along the right track; as if truth, justice, and mercy were unstable sands instead of the rocks on which society must ever build or come to grief. The commandment to love God and one's fellow-man still holds and always will. The ideal of the brotherhood of man—the Christian principle—remains sound. Charity worketh no ill.

Now, under the German system, absolutely controlled by an autocratic government, her children of almost two generations have been taught a religion, a philosophy, and a *Kultur* devised by that Government, and all directly opposed to the highest principles of civilization. They have been taught that the state of Germany is paramount, that God is *Unser Gott*, belonging to Germany first, and that the Hohenzollerns are his divine prophets. They have been taught that might, not justice and truth, makes right. They have been taught obedience to the iron will of the war lords, and they have each and all been taught the very last word in the art of slaughter. They have been given inflated ideas of the power and mission of Germany in the world. They have received false impressions of the attitude of the rest of mankind. Individuality has been sunk, freedom of speech prohibited. As a German writer puts it, "The whole nation is one mass of bronze in which no golden streak of individual character is allowed to glimmer."

With this war in view the calculating war lords had much preparation to make. First and foremost, they had to kill the germ of human sympathy in the breasts of the people. They had to train men "to iron hearts from pity freed." They began with the children who are now full-grown men and women. You cannot take away ideas without giving others in return. For the religion of humanity they substituted the religion of race, for the God of all mankind they created the god of Germany—a god of war. The ideals of right and justice gave way to those of might and expediency. The idea of co-operation between nations was replaced with the gilded vision of Germany *über Alles*.

The talent was not wanting. Bismarck had furnished the organization. The Nietzsches, Treitschkes, and Bernhardis were there. Numberless well-groomed professors and advocates of the system took part. The work before them was both positive and negative. The positive side included training in efficiency and in absolute obedience, the utilization of all departments of effort, the inculcation of a restricted aim, namely, that selfish goal of Germany which she called "her place in the sun." It included preparation in every branch down to the meanest detail of the spy system. On the negative side it included restrictions on free speech, a muzzled press, and a control of all teaching in gymnasium and university. No professor was allowed to retain his chair if his views were not approved by the Government. All original work was subject to supervision, and all criticism of the authorities was suppressed.

And so to-day Germany is peopled by a type, all cast in the same mold, all doomed to think and act in accordance with the only light which has been given them—an artificial light—which has so colored their view that they no longer distinguish right from wrong or good from evil. Their originality and their taste have been destroyed. They rejoice in giant monuments—monstrosities—which they have been told are works of art. They believe the lie which has been dinned into them for years, that all the neighboring races are banded together for the destruction of Germany. They have been carefully trained to believe that any war precipitated by them will be a war of defense. The charge brought by the whole world, that Germany deliberately planned, prepared, availed of opportunity, and finally brought about the war, makes no impression on Germany, for the charge is not allowed to cross her border. All has been accomplished by her perfect system of Prussianized education. This is Germany's great crime.

Will Germany succeed? Can she divert the course of true progress? Can she build her throne on the wreckage of the civilization which she seeks to destroy?

HOWARD RUSSELL BUTLER.
Princeton, New Jersey.

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"WHICH IS CATHOLIC?"

For nearly a year the ever-living but sometimes dormant differences between the High Church party and the Broad Church party in the American Episcopal Church have been in an acute stage. The following letters are indicative of that acute condition, which was produced by the objections raised by the High Church party to the Panama Congress on Christian Work held on the Isthmus last February. That Congress and the ecclesiastical debates about it have been fully reported and commented upon in these pages. Dr. Manning, rector of Trinity Church, New York, is the recognized leader of the High Church or "Catholic" party in the Protestant Episcopal Church, from which he and his fellow High Churchmen wish to eliminate the word "Protestant." Our own opinion regarding this discussion is recorded at the conclusion of the following letters.—THE EDITORS.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH IS MORE ROMAN AND GREEK THAN PROTESTANT

MY attention has been called to an article in your issue of August 30 on "The Episcopal Church and Social Problems" by the Rev. E. C. Chorley. This article contains some interesting statements, and, as its writer honors me by using my name for the purposes of his arguments, I venture to ask the courtesy of space in your pages for a few comments upon some of the positions which he takes.

1. The surprising statement is made that those in the Episcopal Church who objected to official participation in the recent Panama Congress did so because they were opposed to "conference with other Christian churches." It might as well be urged that because one objects to the passage of a law conceding, without consideration, the demands of certain labor unions he is therefore opposed to the method of arbitration for settling differences between employers and employed. Careful and open-minded consideration of the points at issue between our Communion and others, conference with other Christian churches, is the very thing that we do believe in. What we insist upon is that, unless there is to be sacrifice of principle, conference must precede religious co-operation. As a member of the Commission appointed to bring about a World Conference for the consideration of questions of Faith and Order, I have had the privilege, for a number of years, of laboring with others for the distinct purpose of promoting conference among the various Christian Communions.

The point of our objection to participation in the Panama Congress was, and is, that this involved a great deal more than conference, that it meant immediate religious co-operation which would compromise our principles and would be contrary to our standards; and our contentions in this regard have been fully justified by subsequent events.

2. It is stated in this article that "many High Churchmen now feel that the agitation against the Conference was a tactical blunder." Who these High Churchmen are I do not know. Those whom I meet are of quite a different opinion. I do, however, know a great many churchmen—high, low, and broad—who feel that the action of our Board of Missions in forcing this issue upon the Church, in the face of serious and widespread protest, was a serious tactical blunder.

3. Speaking of those whose views he is opposing, the writer says: "But they are in a hopeless minority. For more than forty years they have agitated for the change of name, and are farther from their goal than ever." There are worse evils than being in a minority. But is the above statement a correct one? I am writing away from records for verification, but I believe it was at the General Convention of 1877 that only one diocese voted "aye" in the clerical order, in a vote for the change of name, and among the laity not a single vote was cast for the change. In Cincinnati, in 1910, a majority of the whole number of dioceses voted in the clerical order for change, and the vote of one more layman in any one of those dioceses whose vote was divided would have given a majority for the change in the lay order. And at the last General Convention in New York, in 1913, those who favored a change of name themselves introduced legislation intended to make such a change impossible until it should secure the support of an overwhelming majority, with the declared belief that in due time it will win such support, and with entire willingness to wait until it does so. In the face of these well-known facts it is quite startling to find it stated that in forty years the movement for the change of name has made no progress.

4. The statement is made, somewhat plain-

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tively, that the "High Churchmen" feel that our Communion is nearer to Rome and Constantinople than to the Presbyterians and Methodists. But the High Churchmen have every reason to feel so, because such is the fact. In spite of our very real differences with Rome, it is plain that the Episcopal Church holds that it is nearer to Rome and to Constantinople than to the Protestant Communions. This is made clear by the whole history of the Anglican Church, and by the whole sacramental teaching of the Prayer-Book. There is one simple fact which proves this beyond all question. A priest from Rome or from Constantinople is received by us without reordination, while any Protestant minister coming to us, no matter how eminent he may be for holiness or learning, must be reordained. We have recently seen a striking illustration of this in the reordination of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, the justly honored minister of the City Temple, London, who has now become a priest of the Church of England. This position as to the priesthood is not, as is sometimes assumed, a mere matter of opinion held only by a particular group within this Church. It is the position of the Church itself. Even though some individuals in our Communion may be out of sympathy with this, and may inveigh against it, they are obliged to conform their actions to it. It is the law by which every individual in this Church is bound.

The Reformed Episcopalians left us because they recognized that this was the fact, as they still faithfully testify.

5. Your article seems to give the impression that "High Churchmen" are untrue to the principles of the Reformation. High Churchmen are, in fact, the stanch defenders of the principles of the Reformation. But there is a confusion of ideas here which often misleads people. We are true to the principles of the English Reformation, and, precisely for that reason, we are opposed to the principles of the Continental Reformation. The Continental Reformers separated themselves from the Historic Church and claimed the power to establish new churches, for themselves. The English Reformers acted upon the opposite principle. Their appeal was to the faith and practice of the Whole Undivided Catholic Church of the first centuries. Through that troubled period of her life the English Church was careful, above all things, to preserve her continuity, her catholicity, her priesthood, and her sacraments. As Archbishop Bramhall wrote in his "Vindication," "We do not arrogate to ourselves either a new church, or a new religion, or new Holy Orders." This is the principle of the Reformation to which we are committed, and to which we are bound to be true. If any one among your readers should care to know more fully the grounds on which so large a number of the bishops, clergy, and laity of the Episcopal Church opposed official participation by our Communion in the Panama Congress, I shall be happy to furnish him with a printed statement in which I have set forth these grounds to the best of my ability. Our attitude is not one of unfriendliness to our Protestant brethren. We long and pray and are eager to work for reunion with them. But we stand for the fact that there must be conference and agreement as to essentials before there can be union in religious work. We must be true to our principles and convictions, as those who differ from us must be true to theirs. And we honor and respect this faithfulness in them as much as we desire to illustrate it ourselves. The real and common danger to-day is that "down-grade movement" in which we see the weakening of belief in the central verities of the Christian religion. There are some who urge a sort of peace-at-any-price policy in the Church which is quite irreconcilable with the teaching of the New Testament. The faith of many is being undermined by the insidious teaching that matters of doctrine and belief are of no importance. It is right that there should be great freedom of thought in the Church; but the Gospel itself is under attack by some of those who ought to be its teachers and defenders. And one result of this must surely be to draw more and more closely together all those who put their trust in the Lord Jesus Christ and in his religion because they believe that he is God.

WILLIAM T. MANNING.

Rector's Office, Trinity Parish, New York.

A DEFENSE OF DR. MANNING

In his article entitled "The Episcopal Church and Social Problems" (The Outlook for August 30) the Rev. Mr. Chorley states that the meeting of the General Convention in St. Louis next month will be the first meeting of that body west of the Mississippi. Might one be permitted to point out that in 1895 the General Convention met in Minneapolis, and in 1901 in San Francisco, both of which cities are west of the Mississippi?

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Certain other statements in his article seem to invite comment. For example, he says: "The Broad Churchmen depart from rubrical direction in the interests of liberty; the High Churchmen do the same in order to introduce prayers and ritual drawn from Roman sources; and the result is liturgical anarchy. Every man is a law unto himself." During the past twenty years I have come to know rather well the Dioceses of the Fifth Province (Province of the Mid-West), of the Seventh Province (Province of the Southwest), and of the Fourth Province (Province of Sewanee), in which I now reside. My observation and acquaintance in these provinces would lead me to the conviction that we are very far from liturgical anarchy; that the vast majority of the clergy are honest in their intent to obey both the law and those that have the rule over them; and that variations in ceremonial are, for the most part, of a permissible nature. I cannot recall a single case of a High Churchman introducing prayers from the Roman ritual into the public service of the Church, nor have I found Broad Churchmen deliberately departing from rubrical law "in the interests of liberty."

Doubtless there are those (few in number, as I believe) who are a law unto themselves; but that the Episcopal Church is largely in a state of "liturgical anarchy," in which "every man is a law unto himself," is, in my judgment, untrue to the facts.

And again, in speaking of "men who think with Dr. Manning," the statement is made: "They are apparently more anxious for union with Rome and Constantinople than with the Presbyterians and Methodists." I do not know who are they "who think with Dr. Manning," but Catholic churchmen, not necessarily of a "party," believe that in the long run the united Church must be the whole thing, Rome and Constantinople included, and that certain pleasing prospects of immediate union should not be permitted to blind us to the fact that Catholic unity means the unity of all Christians in the one body.

(Rev.) LEONARD BURBANK RICHARDS,
Church of the Incarnation.
Atlanta, Georgia.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH SUPERIOR TO THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

The reputation of The Outlook for intelligence, broad-mindedness, and honesty is such that your views justly receive great weight in the minds of your many readers. It is therefore desirable that great care should be exercised by you in the preparation of your editorials.

Your article on page 645 of the issue of July 19, 1916, does not impress me as having received the thought and care that the subject, "Which is Catholic?" demands.

In endeavoring to answer the questions propounded by Dr. Manning and quoted by you I find myself led to positive conclusions of fact; but on reading your statements relating thereto I find that I am led only to additional questions.

Some of these are as follows:

How does The Outlook answer Dr. Manning's questions categorically?

Why do you say that the Catholic basis for church union *assumes* that Jesus founded a visible church?

Is the Catholic faith based on an assumption or on positive statements of Scripture?

Why do you charge any part of the Episcopal Church with holding "that no one is working loyally under his [Christ's] authority unless he belongs to this [the Episcopal] ecclesiastical organization"?

Where do you find in the Creed, the Prayer-Book, the Articles of Religion, or any authoritative pronouncement of the Episcopal Church, or any part of it, authority or ground for such a charge?

Why do you quote the Roman Church, with the evident intention of recommending it as an authority, in the matter of the validity of Episcopal orders, while you repudiate the same authority in matters where it is in perfect accord with both the Greek Church and the Episcopal Church?

Do you not know that the Roman Catholic Council of Trent, when asked by the Pope to repudiate Anglican orders, expressly refused to do so?

Does the validity of Episcopal orders depend upon Roman error, repudiated by the best Roman scholars, or upon historic fact?

Why do you state as a fact that two Episcopal priests, in going over to the Roman Church, "followed to their logical and consistent conclusion the views apparently held by Dr. Manning;" for how do you proceed logically and consistently from those views to the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome, papal infallibility, the immaculate conception of the Virgin, and transubstantiation?

By what right do you arrogate to Protestantism the truth that Jesus "inculcated cer-

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tain fundamental principles of conduct, and by his personal spiritual presence still inspires a spirit of faith and hope and love in those who accept his leadership"?

Does the Episcopal Church deny these truths?

If these truths embody all that is required, and "those who accept his leadership and endeavor to inculcate his principles and conform their own lives to them constitute the Church of Christ, whatever may be their ecclesiastical organization," why did Christ say, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you"?

Why do you intimate that Jesus left his disciples to frame varying organizations? Does not all the evidence prove the contrary; and did not the organization of the one Church remain unchanged for centuries?

In what respect has the Episcopal Church varied from the original organization, and where did the break occur?

Is not that church catholic (in other words, universal in reach, comprehensive, and general) which holds to all the truths, and only the truths, which have been proved to be truths from the beginning?

Can the Roman Church or any Protestant sect meet this test?

Are you honest enough to republish your article, with these questions and your answers thereto?

R. R. RAYMOND,
Lieutenant-Colonel, Corps of Engineers,
United States Army.

Honolulu, Hawaii.

[We do not think there is any authority either in Scripture or in history for the affirmation that Jesus founded a visible church, either Papal, Episcopal, Presbyterian, or Congregational. We think he left his followers to form their own organizations and adapt them to the varying need of varying times. We agree with Archbishop Whately in our understanding of history: "There is not a minister in Christendom who is able to trace up, with any approach to certainty, his own spiritual pedigree." And we agree with Alford, the Dean of Canterbury, whose "Commentary on the New Testament" we regard as the ablest in the English language, if not the ablest in any language, and who says of Apostolical succession that it is a "fiction of which I find in the New Testament no trace."

Our authority for the statement that there are those in the Episcopal Church who hold that no one is working loyally under Christ's authority unless he belongs to the visible church, under the authority of the successors of the Apostles, will be found in a number of standard works by High Church authors. It is enough here to refer to a booklet on "The Authority of the Church," by Dr. Morgan Dix, the predecessor of Dr. Manning, who defines the view of the Catholic party in the Episcopal Church, that the power to ordain is lodged in the bishop, and so the ministry may not be exercised till a man has received episcopal ordination.

We do not quote the Roman Catholic Church as an authority on the matter of church orders, but the Vatican Council decreed the infallibility of the Pope, and Pope Leo XIII, in an apostolic letter in 1896, authoritatively declared that "Ordinations carried out according to the Anglican rite have been and are absolutely null and utterly void." It is clear, therefore, that the union of the Roman Catholic and Anglican Churches as a basis for or a part of the organic union of the Church of Christ is impossible, unless either the Church of Rome changes its mind or the Episcopal Church abandons the validity of its orders, neither of which events is at all probable.

Either the supreme authority is in the individual conscience or it is in the Catholic Church. Between these alternatives presented in the Lutheran Reformation we see no middle ground. If one accepts the Lutheran doctrine, he rejects the supreme authority of the Church; if he rejects the Lutheran doctrine, he must logically accept the supreme authority of the Roman Catholic Church. In this respect we think that Dr. Manning is less logical and consistent than Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Newman, who left the Protestant Church and became devout Roman Catholics.

As to the hope implied by Dr. Manning and expressed by Mr. Richards that the Protestant Episcopal and Roman Catholic Churches may some day unite on terms of mutual concession, we can only say that it seems to us to contain an element of unconscious or sub-conscious presumption. What must be the feelings of the great Roman Catholic ecclesiastics towards Dr. Manning and his associates—a body of American clergymen who insist that the Roman Pontiff is a mere bishop with no greater claims to historical orthodoxy than any Anglican bishop?—THE EDITORS.]

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Current Events Pictorially Treated

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THE NEW YORK CITY TRACTION STRIKE—THE CARMEN'S PARADE

Eight thousand striking carmen and their sympathizers marched in parade in New York City on September 14 "without offense to good order and in perfect good humor," says a New York paper whose sympathies are not usually extended to strikers. One of the paraders, shown above in the foreground, is a veteran in the service; he is seventy-two years old; fifty years of his life have been spent as a traction employee, as the ten service stripes on his left arm, one for each five years, indicate

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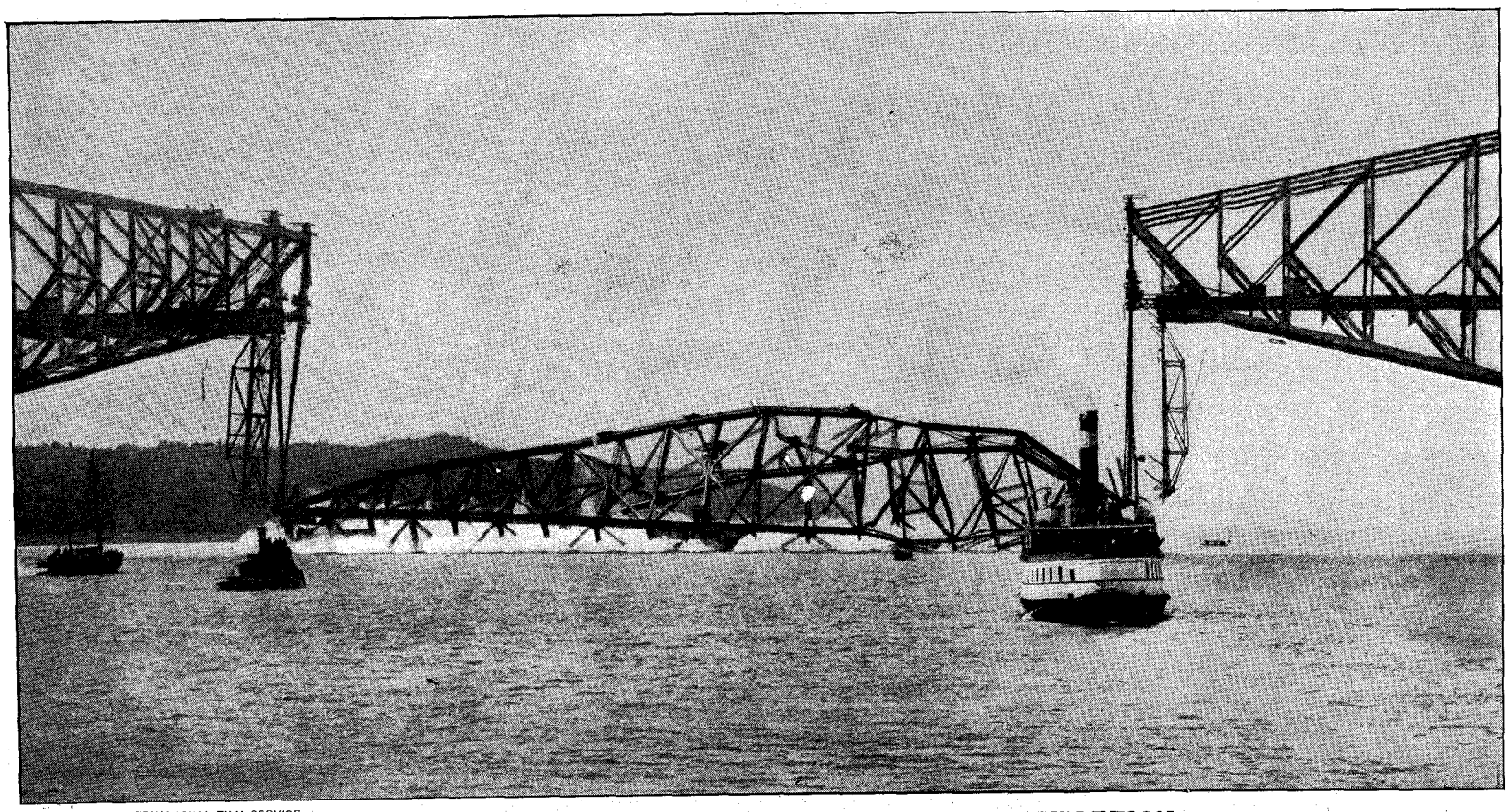

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THE COLLAPSE OF A GREAT BRIDGE NEARING COMPLETION

The camera, set for recording a great triumph, registered, instead, a tragic accident. This picture was taken at the moment when, on September 11, the center span of the great bridge over the St. Lawrence River at Quebec, just as it was being raised into its place, dropped into the water, which immediately afterwards closed over it. Several persons were killed and great pecuniary loss was sustained by this disaster, which is the second suffered in the building of the bridge

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THE UNITED STATES CRUISER MEMPHIS ON THE ROCKS AT SANTO DOMINGO CITY

The Memphis was driven ashore August 29 while lying in the harbor of Santo Domingo City. Forty-one of her crew were drowned. The accident recalls the somewhat similar fate of three United States war vessels in a great gale at Apia, Samoa, in 1889, when fifty lives were lost as the vessels were driven ashore

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PHOTOGRAPH FROM CENTRAL NEWS SERVICE

THE QUEEN OF RUMANIA AND ONE OF HER CHILDREN, THE PRINCESS ILEANA

Queen Marie of Rumania was married in 1893, when she was Princess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, to King Ferdinand. They have six children, of whom the Princess Ileana is the fifth

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HARVEST IN FRANCE, 1916

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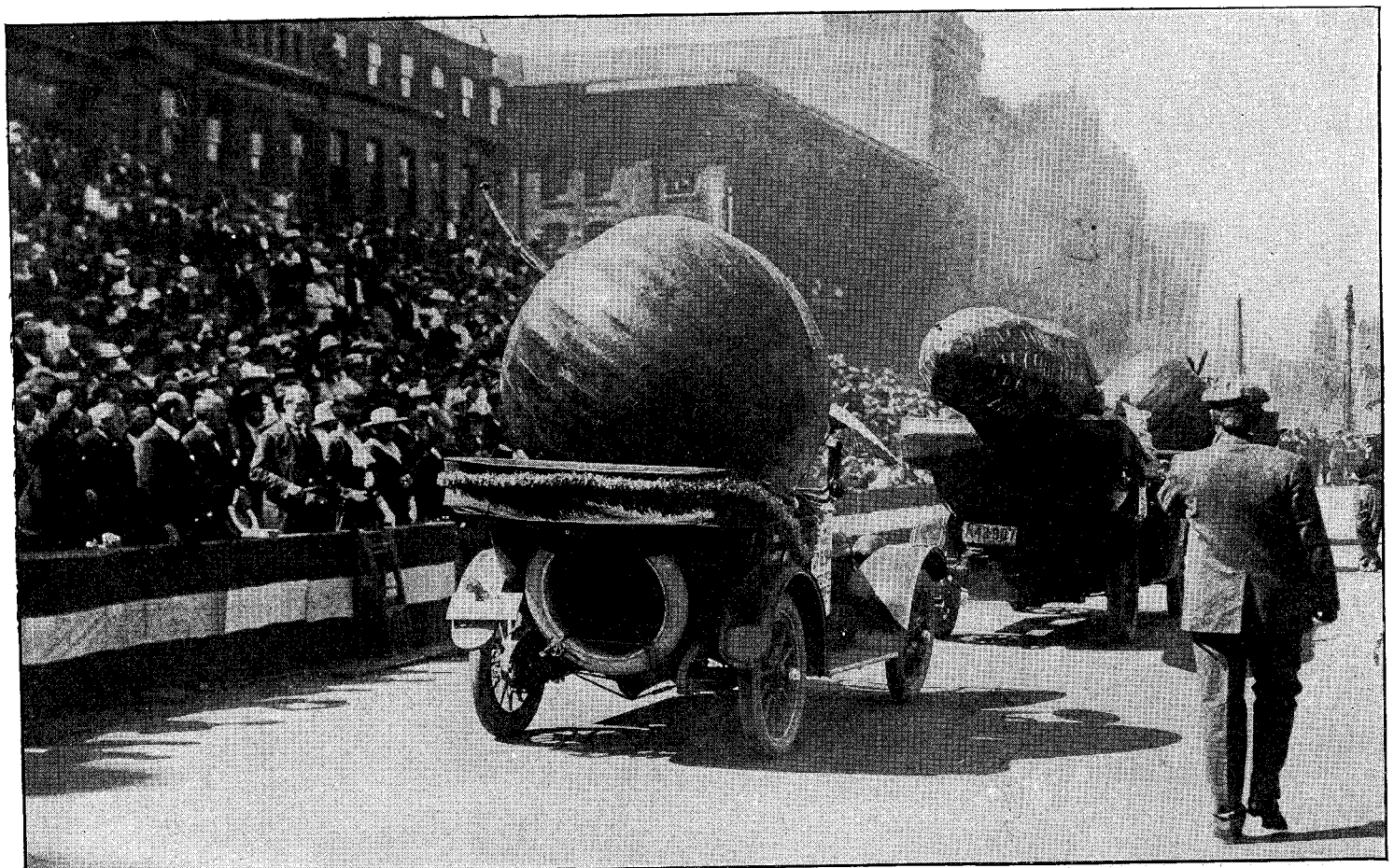

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A STATE FAIR AND A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE

The floats seen in the picture, representing specimens of agricultural products such as most farmers would like to "live up to," were part of a parade which was one of the features of the State Fair at Syracuse, New York. Mr. Hughes, the Republican candidate, is seen at the left in the front row on the reviewing stand, behind the folding chairs. Next to him on the right stands Mrs. Hughes; on the left is Chairman William R. Willcox

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PREPARING INDIAN RELICS FOR EXHIBITION IN THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK CITY

The Museum is making a representative collection of anthropological material relating to the Indians of America. Much of the material is broken and must be restored for exhibition purposes. The picture shows the department in the Museum where this work is done. The head which is being restored is that of an Indian mummy found at Grand Gulch, Utah

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PHOTOGRAPH FROM PAUL THOMPSON

FREDERICK HALE

PHOTOGRAPH FROM BAIN NEWS SERVICE

BERT M. FERNALD

MAINE'S NEW SENATORS

These Senators were elected by the people of Maine at the recent election, in accordance with the Seventeenth Amendment to the United States Constitution, providing that "the Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, elected by the people thereof, for six years"

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"AMERICANS FIRST"

HOW THE PEOPLE OF DETROIT ARE MAKING AMERICANS OF THE FOREIGNERS IN THEIR CITY

BY GREGORY MASON

EVERY third man you meet in Detroit was born in a foreign country. And three out of every four persons there were either born abroad or born here of foreign-born parents. In short, in Detroit, only every fourth person you meet was born in this country of American parents. Such is the make-up of the town which has been called "the most American city in the United States."

Not for more than ten years has Detroit deserved the compliment of that characterization. But the city is beginning to deserve it again. Detroit is regaining the American spirit, which it partly lost when the middle-sized interior town grew into the great, bustling, cosmopolitan city.

Since returning from Europe ten months ago chance has taken me into many of the largest American cities. Most of them have had a flat flavor after the conscious tang of egoism which has been sharpened by the war in the cities of Europe. The nearest approach to this vibrant pride in personal identity I have found in Detroit. Detroit is alive and knows it. Detroit is American and proud of it. Detroit is glad to be Detroit.

Statistics, though somewhat dry, sometimes offer the shortest means of telling a story. In 1900 the population of Detroit was 285,000. In 1910 it was 465,766. It is now conservatively estimated at 725,000. Detroit is now treading on the heels of Cleveland for the privilege of calling itself the sixth city of the land. This tremendous expansion has been due to the rapid growth of industry, particularly the business of making motor cars. More than half the motor cars made in America are now made in Detroit.

The people who have been called into Detroit by this great growth in industry are mainly foreign immigrants and their children. The colored map of the Detroit Board of Commerce showing the population of Detroit as distributed by races and nationalities looks like a war map of Europe. The splash of color indicating the presence of the Slavs is the largest on the map, but other broad smears show where live Italians, Jews, Hungarians, Rumanians, Greeks, Belgians, Armenians, and other peoples.

The mills which made Detroit great in size and popular prestige threatened to destroy its Americanism, and when business became demoralized by the outbreak of the war abroad these mills seemed unable to maintain the level of prosperity which they had introduced. The fall of 1914 found Detroit suffering from an acute attack of indigestion. The city had bitten off more immigration than it could chew. Factories ran down and 80,000 men lost their jobs. Great melancholy mobs of the jobless prowled through the chilly streets.

Then the Detroit Board of Commerce came to the relief of the city. Under the leadership of Mr. Charles B. Warren and Mr. Byres H. Gitchell, its President and Secretary respectively, the Board organized help for the men out of work. Doctors who volunteered their services were formed into squads to provide free treatment for the sick children and wives of the unemployed, lawyers of similar altruism came forward to save penniless families from ejectment, drug-store proprietors donated medicines, and well-to-do citizens donated sacks of food, each sack sufficient to keep two people alive for three days. In the meantime the Board of Commerce tried to get work for those who had lost it. The effort was successful in the cases of those foreign laborers who could speak English, but most of the sixty thousand men who knew only the tongue of the land of their birth remained jobless. Then and there the Board of Commerce found the germ of the trouble. *They learned that most of the unemployment was due to the inability of foreign laborers to fit American jobs, which was due primarily, of course, to their inability to understand English.*

Thereupon the members of the Board of Commerce went to work to remedy the evil by striking at its root. They assisted the Board of Education in opening night schools where the foreigners might learn English. The Board of Education, by the way, had been more than anxious to do this for several years, but without the assistance of the

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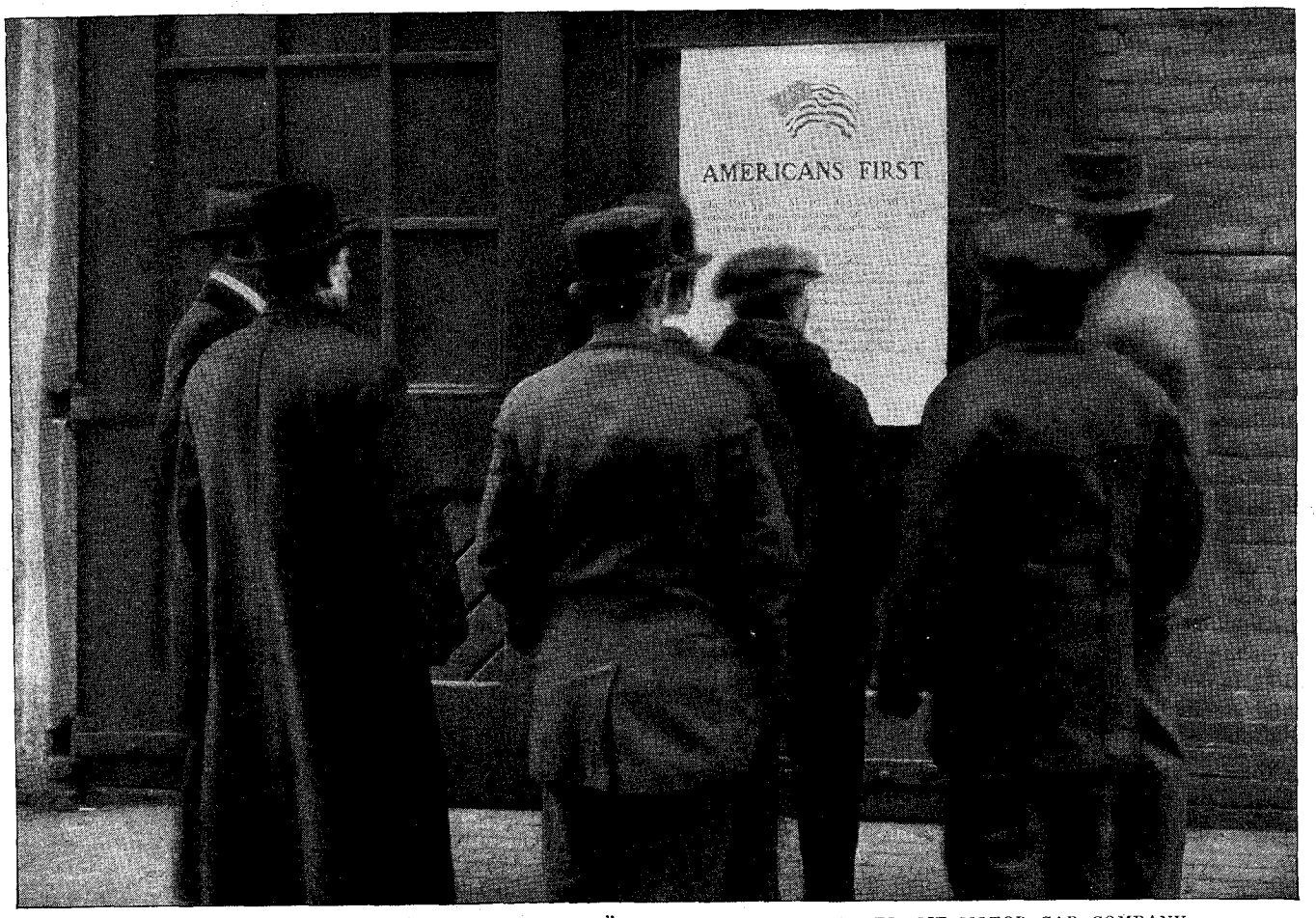

WORKMEN READING THE "AMERICANS FIRST" PROCLAMATION OF A DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY

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manufacturers who employed all this foreign labor the educators were almost helpless. The leaders of the Board of Commerce got the manufacturers to help, and in the winter of 1914–15 the work of Americanizing Detroit began on a large scale. It has not ceased, until now Detroit begins to deserve, as perhaps it deserved formerly, the flattering characterization of "the most American city in the United States."

Other cities have also become aroused to the importance of being American, and have taken steps to hurry the process of digesting the foreign lumps in their midst. Rochester, New York, has been a pioneer in this direction. But at Rochester the task of making Americans from immigrants was taken up and carried through by the public schools of the city. The most interesting thing about the situation in Detroit is that this work was begun by the business men. It is true that the schools had been trying to do it before the manufacturers took hold. But until the interest of the great employers of labor was secured the efforts of the Board of Education bore little fruit. By the help of the business men the good intentions of the schoolmen have been converted into fruitful accomplishment.

Realizing the value of having the assistance of experienced advisers, the Detroit Board of Commerce invited the help of the Committee for Immigrants in America. Letters were then sent to every employer of more than one hundred laborers in Detroit, pointing out the disadvantage of having to employ men who could not speak English, asking each employer to take a census of such "dumb" workers in his factory, and requesting the direct help of the manufacturers in inducing the laborers to go to night school and learn English.

The employers, who had learned their lesson in the terrible winter of 1914–15, were not slow to respond. They met the investigators of the Board of Commerce and of the Committee for Immigrants in America, and suggested means of making it practicable for the workers in their factories to go to school. As a result of these suggestions the Board of Commerce submitted a plan to every manufacturer in Detroit who hired more than a fixed minimum of employees. In some factories the Safety First Department took the work in charge; in others control was assumed by the so-called welfare departments —which have become very popular in Detroit; in others an executive of the company made himself personally responsible.

In all factories posters were placed on bulletin boards urging the men to go to school in order to "become better citizens and get better jobs." In all factories slips bearing similar advice were inserted in pay envelopes. Every one in Detroit jumped into the campaign with enthusiasm. Saloon-keepers pasted on saloon walls the posters adjuring the alien to embrace Uncle Sam, department stores put slips of information about the night schools in the packages of every customer who looked like a foreigner, ministers preached "Americanization" in the churches of the foreign quarters, and the editors of foreign newspapers harped on the same key in editorial addresses to their people. Whenever an Italian or Polish young woman drew a book from the public library she found therein one of the ubiquitous slips telling how her friends who knew no English might learn it free.

The Board of Health, the Poor Commission, the juvenile courts, the Associated Charities, the employment bureaus, the Boy Scouts, and the Young Men's Christian Association all put their shoulders to the wheel which has been rolling Detroit out of the mire of hyphenism. Foreign consuls helped too, foreign priests caught hold, and some Greeks lent the Board of Trade some Greek type in order that their countrymen might get the helpful advice in their own language.

From August 17 to September 13, 1915, the whole city embarked on a gigantic campaign of publicity for the benefit of its adopted children from Europe and Asia. The city was bedecked with thousands of handbills. The Detroit Federation of Labor, the Brewery Workers, and the Bill Posters' Union added their approval. The Michigan Workmen's Compensation Mutual Insurance Company issued a special night school bulletin to all employers on their list throughout Michigan suggesting how the night school attendance of employees might be encouraged. This was a particularly happy move, as Mr. I. Walton Schmidt, Secretary of the Americanization Committee of the Board of Commerce, points out, because of "the immediate connection between English First and Safety First." Last, but not least, during this period Detroit's newspapers of whatever language were filled with allusions to the campaign of Americanization.

As a result of this tremendous activity the Detroit night schools opened on Monday

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evening, September 13, 1915, with an attendance increased over the previous record by one hundred and fifty-three per cent, and with thousands of would-be pupils turned away from school doors.

The means used by different employers in encouraging their employees to go to school varied greatly. The Saxon Motor Company made night school attendance compulsory for its non-English-speaking workmen. The Solvay Process Company offered a wage increase of two cents an hour to all employees who learned English. The Northway Motor and Manufacturing Company started a class in its own factory and announced that workers who attended neither that nor the classes in the public schools would be discharged. The Ford Motor Company, which has also had a school of its own, has rather discouraged its employees who have wanted to attend the public schools rather than the school in the Ford plant. But most concerns, like the Cadillac Company, neither organized schools of their own nor made attendance on the night schools compulsory, but encouraged this attendance in every fair way in their power.

But it remained for the Packard Motor Car Company to stir the whole industrial country with the announcement of the policy summed up in two words which to-day express the spirit of all Detroit—"Americans first."

"From and after this date," announced the Packard Company on January 31, 1916, "promotions to positions of importance in the organization of this company will be given only to those who are native born or naturalized citizens of the United States, or to those of foreign birth who have relinquished their foreign citizenship, and who have filed with our Government their first papers applying for citizenship, which application for citizenship must be diligently followed to its completion."

"Americans first." Those words are on the tongue of every Detroiter to-day. They mean, of course, not *America über Alles*, but *Put only Americans on guard.*

Instead of slackening, the efforts to eradicate hyphenism in Detroit are steadily increasing. When I stepped off the train there in the latter part of last month, there were almost no signs of the Presidential campaign which had already begun to set the rest of the country by the ears, but everywhere were evidences of this campaign of internal adjustment. "Learn English and Get Better Pay" was the advice, appropriate enough, indeed, flashed at me from a bulletin-board in the railway station and later flung at me from windows and billboards everywhere. "English-Speaking Workmen Wanted," said a sign on a building under construction. One plant, I was later told, which uses gang labor has been forced to employ Negroes because of the scarcity in Detroit of white workmen who speak English.

Detroit to-day is a wonderful spectacle of team work. There is none of the petty jealousy between different agencies working toward the same goal which usually is found in even the most praiseworthy movements engaging many men. Never have I seen a city so united for a common end, not even in the case of a city fighting a deadly epidemic. In its great desire to digest the alien ingredients which it has swallowed Detroit has achieved what Maeterlinck calls "the spirit of the hive."

Although supporters of both President Wilson and Mr. Hughes have claimed for these gentlemen the credit for the Americanizing of Detroit—as politicians claim the credit for everything from accidental prosperity to providential rain—the sober truth is that the unifying and purifying of Detroit have been accomplished by united non-partisan action, and could have been accomplished in no other way. It is true that Mr. Charles B. Warren, who was the President of the Board of Commerce when that body began the great drive on immigrant ignorance, is now a Republican National Committeeman, but at that time he had no official political connections. It is true that at first the Board of Trade had the help of the Committee for Immigrants in America, which has since become the National Americanization Committee, but the Committee then had not evinced the political partisanship which it has shown recently.

United, non-partisan action, with nearly everybody helping from the multi-millionaire manufacturer to the humblest Hungarian ward leader, has been responsible for the great change that has come over Detroit. The shrewdness of the leaders of the movement in enlisting the aid of the chief men in the various foreign colonies, by the way, has been an important factor in the success of the work.

Not that Detroit has entirely worked her way out of the woods of ignorance and divided allegiance yet, however. There are

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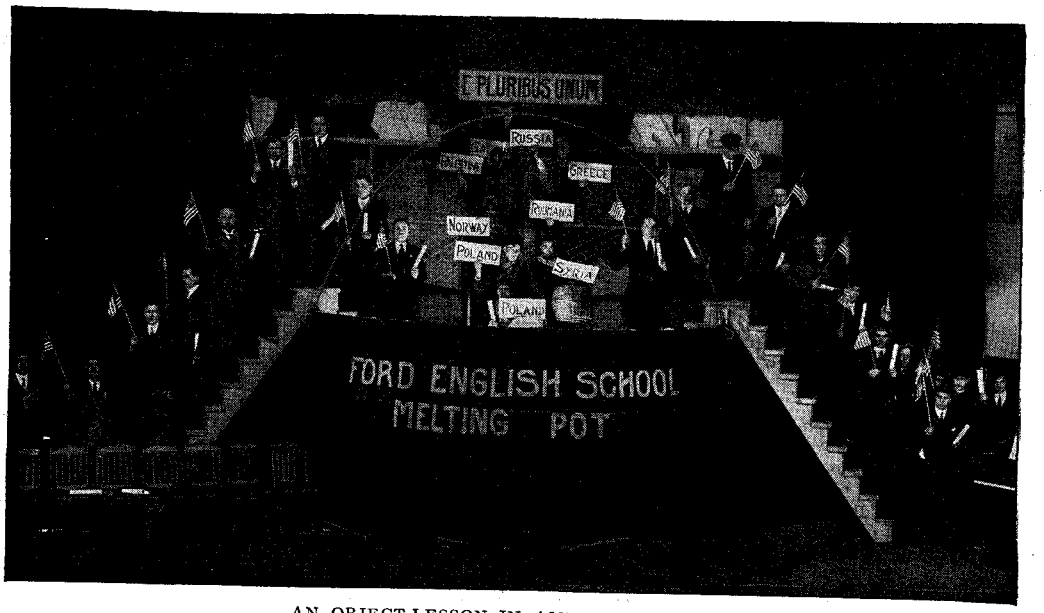

AN OBJECT-LESSON IN AMERICANIZATION

The students enter the "melting-pot" as citizens of other nations, and leave it as Americans

NON-ENGLISH-SPEAKING EMPLOYEES PRESENTING THEIR WEEKLY ATTENDANCE CARDS TO THE TIMEKEEPER OF A DETROIT FIRM

The cards show that the employees have faithfully attended night school

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THE COMMITTEE ON EDUCATION OF THE DETROIT BOARD OF COMMERCE

Among those in the picture are the Mayor of Detroit, Oscar B. Marx; the President of the Board of Commerce, Charles B. Warren; Arthur J. Tuttle, United States District Judge; and Dr. Charles E. Chadsey, Superintendent of Schools

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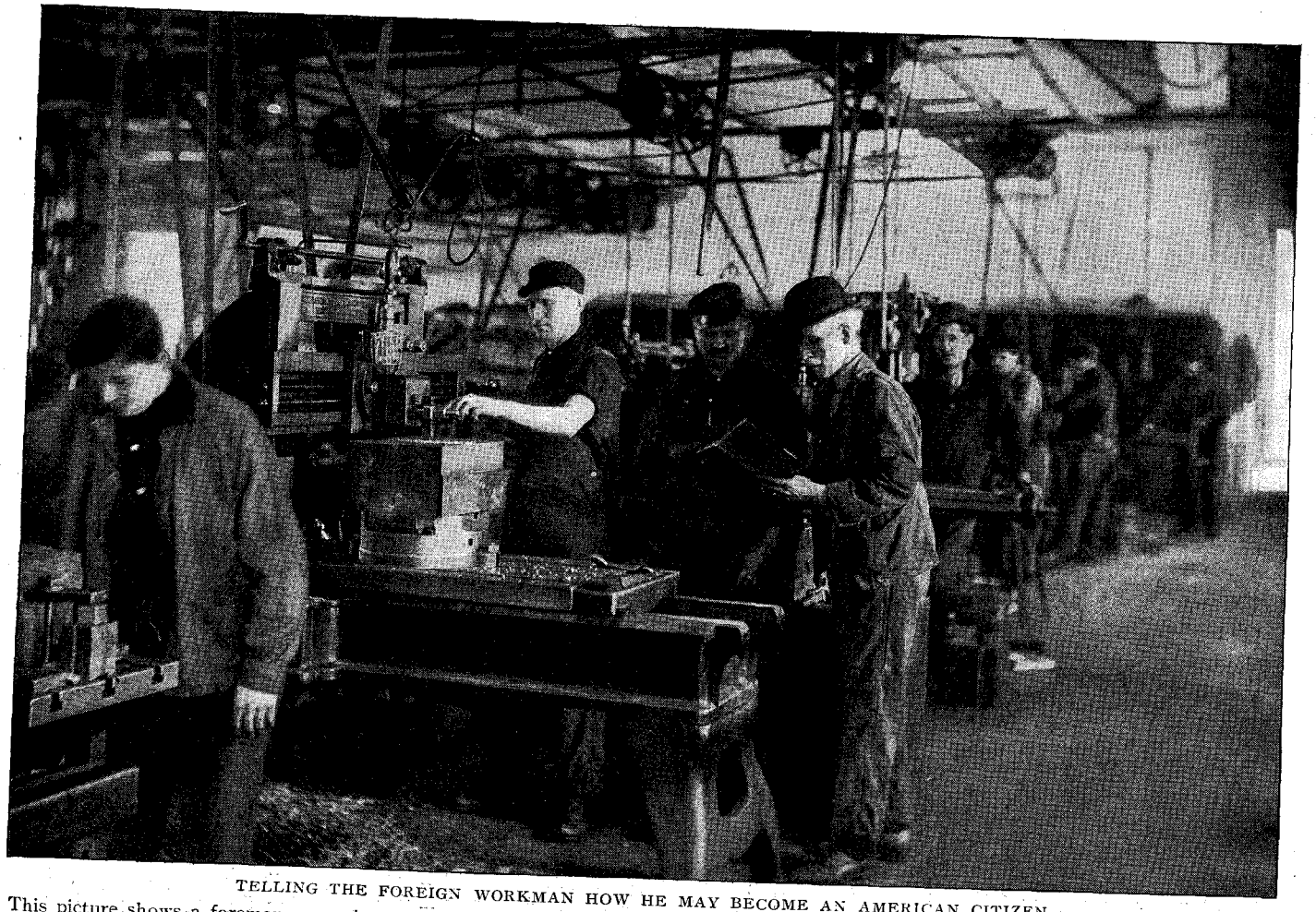

TELLING THE FOREIGN WORKMAN HOW HE MAY BECOME AN AMERICAN CITIZEN

This picture shows a foreman answering a puzzling question as to naturalization. He is referring to the booklet "Information for Immigrants in Detroit, Michigan, Preparing to be American Citizens," published by the Board of Commerce and distributed among the foremen of the large industrial plants of the city

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still many thousands of workmen in Detroit who know not the language of Shakespeare, but the number drinking at the fountains of knowledge in the night schools this year is larger than it was in 1915, and is still increasing.

Detroit was fortunate in having broad-minded and capable officials in charge of public education. During the coming year $87,500 will be spent on the evening schools, which will be held in twenty-seven public schools, strategically placed with relation to the various foreign sections of the city.

The present system of public evening schools for foreigners in Detroit stands as a monument to the sincerity and to the efficient methods of Mr. Frank Cody, Assistant Superintendent of Schools. Mr. Cody has gathered the best thought of the country on this subject and applied it to Detroit's problem. One of Mr. Cody's most brilliant strokes has been the formation of the first Night School Teachers' Institute to be held in this country. He was determined that Detroit teachers should teach foreigners English in the best possible way that it could be done. With this object in view, he brought Dr. Peter Roberts, the leading authority on the subject, and Mr. H. H. Wheaton, specialist in immigrant education of the United States Bureau of Education, to Detroit, and these two men drilled the teachers of the public evening schools in the theory and practice of teaching English.

The method of teaching English to these aliens is the method known to experts as the Roberts Method, named after its originator, Dr. Peter Roberts, of the Young Men's Christian Associations. It is one of the many "dramatic" methods; which is to say that the pupils are obliged to "act out" the meaning of the words they use. It is a method well adapted to the minds of adult alien laborers, and is a method without the grotesquely exaggerated patriotism of the method used in the English school of the Ford plant, where the pupils are told to "walk to the American blackboard, take a piece of American chalk, and explain how the American workman walks to his American home and sits down with his American family to their good American dinner."

On three nights a week during the first half of the school year these grown-up pupils study English. A fourth night is given over to recreation—dances, moving pictures, and the performances of glee clubs and orchestras formed by the music-loving foreigners. On this night also the men who want it are given instruction in methods of applying for jobs and for naturalization. The manufacturers of Detroit have agreed to give the preference among job applicants to those who have studied at the night schools, and an up-to-date attendance card with a good word from the night school teacher is an almost certain open sesame to a job. During the second half-year instruction in citizenship and the method of securing naturalization papers is given to those who want it. Then at the end of the year those who have completed the courses in English and citizenship in the night schools are given certificates to this effect. It is indicative of the extent to which all the public authorities of Detroit are working together toward a common end that these certificates are usually handed to the members of the graduating class by the very judge who later passes on the fitness of the candidates for citizenship.

That is characteristic of the kindliness and companionable interest which the immigrant finds from the moment he sets foot in Detroit. It is doubtful whether in any other city of the country the relations between capital and labor are so friendly as in Detroit. In the first place, wages are high there. Henry Ford's minimum wage of $5 a day is a back number now. To-day thirty-four per cent of Ford's men are getting a minimum wage of more than $5 a day. Per capita wealth and prosperity is high in Detroit, where every third family owns a motor car. Detroit has few labor troubles. The "open shop" rules in most industries, labor unions having a footing in only three trades—cigar-making, the stove industry, and the manufacture of overalls. In some other cities labor leaders have not welcomed efforts to educate the foreign workmen, but in Detroit they have done so.

The principal factor in the establishment and maintenance of amicable relations between employer and employed in Detroit, however, has been the home ownership of industry. Most of Detroit's great industries are owned and controlled by Detroiters. The result is that these industries have the personal attention of the men who own them, which is not the case in many other cities where much or most of the industry is controlled by absentee owners. Henry Ford's slightest whim speedily becomes an accomplished fact. When an idea for a reform or

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an innovation occurs to Alvan Macauley, President of the Packard Motor Car Company, he is there at the factory to talk it over with his superintendents and foremen. The result, in short, is that Detroit industry gets a high degree of personal attention and human consideration, two things that mean much for the welfare of the workingman.

The Italian workman who has taken the time after his hard day's work to go to the night school is warmed to the bottom of his warm heart when "de bigga boss" drops in for a look at the school, as "de bigga bosses" frequently do, for the two hundred and fifty manufacturers who are co-operating with the Board of Commerce and the Board of Education realize well how much can be accomplished by personal attention. The lunch-hour talks held in Detroit factories just before the opening of the schools each year, when the presidents of corporations urge their employees to learn English and become Americans, indicate how firmly the business leaders of Detroit have caught the "America first" idea. This idea has gone because it has been pushed by such influential leaders in business and public affairs as Charles B. Warren; Alvan Macauley; Henry B. Joy, who preceded Mr. Macauley as President of the Packard Company; Edwin Denby, President of the Board of Commerce; F. S. Bigler, Vice-President of the Michigan Bolt and Nut Works; Mayor Oscar B. Marx; and Henry B. Hoyt, Chairman of the Americanization Committee of the Board of Commerce and a prominent business man.

"Does it pay?" I asked Mr. Macauley.

"Well," he replied, "we haven't figured it out in dollars and cents, for we have not been interested in that aspect of it, although I'm inclined to believe that any auditing test would show that it does pay in that way too. Certainly it pays in a larger sense. It pays in that it promotes industrial efficiency and organization.

"Before we began sending our employees to night school there was among our men, as among the men in nearly every large plant in Detroit, conflicting industrial cliques. German workmen would object to working with Russians, or vice versa. Men of one race could hardly tolerate a foreman of another race. But since we launched our policy of 'Americans first' all that has disappeared. Of course the Germans are still proud of their descent, just as the Belgians or Italians are, but they don't talk about it in the shop as they used to, and they don't fight about it any more.

"The most important thing about this Americanizing of foreign workmen is that it promotes industrial peace. It has been a hard blow at the *padrone* system. When our men have grievances now, they are able to come to us and tell us about them, instead of going to a dishonest boss of their own nationality, who fans the fire for his own ends. This work produces unity and team work in the shop. That is its most important benefit —it leads to team work."

As a matter of fact, labor leaders who are far-sighted are in favor of this process of assimilation, for it leads naturally to shorter hours for labor. Employers cannot expect a man who has worked ten or twelve hours a day to enlist so readily for night school as the man who has worked eight or nine. The employers of Detroit, at least, realize this, and this is a consideration which some among them predict will lead to the establishment of a school in every large factory and the virtual abandonment of the public night school method of teaching the men. Such employers say that it is too much to expect a tired laborer to drag himself to night school, and they contend that the recreation period at noon ought to be extended and part of it given over to English and citizenship classes. The time thus lost from actual production ought to be borne by the employers and not by the laborers, say these men, and borne gladly, as time devoted to the development of an eventual higher standard of shop organization.

But, however methods may be changed in accordance with the enlarging views of experience, the end in view will not be abandoned. Detroit business men have had a taste of industrial anarchy, when their city was a jungle for the prowling of many tribes of strange-speaking creatures, and they have tasted the satisfaction that comes to him who is a smooth unit in one great smoothly running machine. Detroit will continue to be for "Americans first."

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LI YUAN-HUNG, CHINA'S NEW PRESIDENT

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THE NEW "GREAT PRESIDENT" OF CHINA, LI YUAN-HUNG

BY JEREMIAH W. JENKS

Professor Jenks, whose standing as a political economist and writer on social, industrial, and financial topics is well known, sends this article from China, where he is at present as a representative of the Far Eastern Bureau. Few, if any, Americans are better acquainted than Professor Jenks with the actual condition of affairs in China.—THE EDITORS.

MY first impression of the new President of China—"Great President" is the official title—was received when he was still Vice-President, with no official duties to perform. He was practically held as a prisoner in Peking. For a time after coming up from the south he was compelled to live on a little island in the palace grounds where the Emperor Kuang Hsii had passed his days under guard after the *coup d'état* of 1898, when the old Empress Dowager again seized the reins of power. Some months ago he was allowed to come out into the city, and the Government provided for his residence the former palace of Jung Lu, whose life Yuan Shih-kai had spared when the young Emperor had ordered him killed, and who afterward had done much to further Yuan's influence. The place had been put in order, and Li lived there comfortably. The grounds are large, with an artificial pond, piles of rockwork with summer-houses on top, flower gardens, and trees. The Vice-President was permitted at that time to have his own personal guards, but the guard of honor at the gate was furnished by the Government; and, while he was allowed to receive visitors, the names of these were reported and his letters and telegrams were subject to censorship.

As he received me in what was his study and working-room as well as sitting-room, he appeared a strong, robust man, with a dark complexion, kindly eyes, a pleasant, friendly, intelligent expression. In manner he is simple, unaffected; in conversation he goes straight to the point. We talked for a time on matters of general importance, especially, however, about farming, in which he takes a great interest. He owns a large farm near Wuchang, on the Yangtze River, on which some Americans have been making experimental studies in raising tobacco and other crops. A short time ago he added to his possessions until he owns now from nine hundred to a thousand acres of land in that neighborhood. He is anxious to have that land developed along modern lines, not primarily from motives of personal profit, but to furnish an example to farmers of that region while paying at the same time. China is largely an agricultural country, and he feels that, in spite of the old-time skill of the people, there is still much to be learned from foreigners about machinery, the crops best suited to the locality, the best seeds, and methods of improving the quality of crops. He took up the question of securing an American farm superintendent to direct these experiments, asking carefully regarding the wages that such a man would expect and the results that might be anticipated.

Later, however, the conversation turned to political conditions, and he discussed with acuteness and skill the legal aspects of the situation under the Nanking Constitution and under the later so-called Constitutional Compact. His sympathies were evidently with the south and its revolutionary activities, although he showed no sign of the extreme radicalism manifested by some of the more outspoken leaders of the extreme factions. Indeed, when the opposing arguments were brought forward for his consideration, he analyzed with keenness and judgment the position on both sides, showing their weaknesses as well as their strength. I was at once impressed by his balance of judgment, considering the exciting circumstances of the time and the fact that his own personal fate was hanging in the balance. He spoke with evident sincerity of his love for a simple, peaceful life, and told, quite after the manner of Washington, how much he should enjoy living quietly on a farm and making his studies for the benefit of the community. But when the question was raised as to the responsibility that rested on public men and the need for public action, I shall not soon forget the flash of his dark eye as he said, promptly, "When the need for action comes, one must not shirk responsibility, but must

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be ready to perform his duty." One could see that he would not hesitate when his country called, although at that time no one could anticipate how soon he was to hear the call. At other times, while he was still living in retirement, the same characteristics were brought out even more strongly. At luncheon the fare, though good and plentiful, was simple and simply served, as alone was fitting; and yet his monthly salary of fifteen thousand dollars gold would have enabled him to make a display in his palace grounds and to enjoy luxurious living had he desired it. For, although out of his salary he had to pay his personal servants and guards, the residence had been fitted up for him by the Government and his expenses were not large.

But it is one of his characteristics to be careful in all money matters. He has always been so. His father, Li Chao-hsiang, although a military man of note who had risen to the post of lieutenant-colonel, was still poor, having only a soldier's salary, and Li, the younger, had in consequence learned to be thrifty. His thrift, however, had not degenerated into stinginess. When he was in command of troops at Wuchang, in a position of power with money sent him liberally, which generals often used for their own personal needs, he spent his money for his soldiers, promoting their comfort rather than accumulating wealth for himself. And again, when asked to pay the Viceroy of his province for promotion to a higher position where his opportunity for wealth-getting would have been great, he positively refused to pay anything for such appointment. I recall, however, that payment for positions was so much a custom of the country in those days that the Imperial Government at Peking actually set aside as a fund for the accumulation of a gold reserve to form a basis for monetary reform the moneys to be received from prospective office-holders for their appointments, decreeing that such moneys must be paid in gold. Honest in receiving his money, Li is equally honest in spending it—a type of official perhaps especially needed in China.

Of course, Li is primarily a soldier. As a young man of twenty he entered the naval school at Tientsin, where he spent six years. His mental quality is shown by the fact that he was always at the head of his class. He saw service in the China-Japan War in 1894. In the Province of Hupeh, on the Yangtze, he saw service both on land and in the navy. He also visited Japan three times as a student cadet and inspector at grand military maneuvers. Besides military service in the revolutions, he had experience as co-director of the Military Academy, director of the Hanyang Arsenal, and superintendent of the Military Middle School. He is, then, it will be seen, one of the best scientifically trained soldiers in China as well as a man of practical experience.

Although as Vice-President Li had practically no opportunities for active governmental work, he still was not idle, but worked hard making plans for his estate, reading serious works on history, especially the political and financial history of different countries, besides keeping up with his military studies, foreign and domestic. A still more striking fact, perhaps, was his refusal of a princedom with its emoluments when the monarchy movement was at its height. He was approached to support the monarchy and offered a princedom, but when the emissaries of the Government came to confer upon him the honor he is said to have listened to their formal address in silence, then to have turned upon his heel and left the room without a word; and later when the financial allowance of a princedom was brought to him he refused it, saying he had not accepted a princedom. Only a short time ago, when the President's salary of $50,000 gold a month was at his disposal, he is said to have recommended a decrease. He is still living in his former dwelling. It is possible that when he moves to the Presidential palace and finds the added expenses from the large number of retainers who must be employed to keep the buildings and grounds in fitting order as well as the public uses to which he may well put part of this salary, as did his predecessor, this thought of the best way to carry out his views may change.

Unlike his predecessor, Li can converse in English. He speaks, however, with hesitation, and he usually employs an interpreter, so that there will be no misunderstanding.

He likes to take his exercise on horseback, but he seems to take no interest in sports like hunting or fishing. The life of a soldier and his home suffice. At home he is fond of his children and often takes exercise in bowling or playing billiards with his older son. Far more than most Chinese is his home life like that of many Americans. He has had five children, of whom four are now living, all the children of one wife. Father and mother are taking a great interest in their

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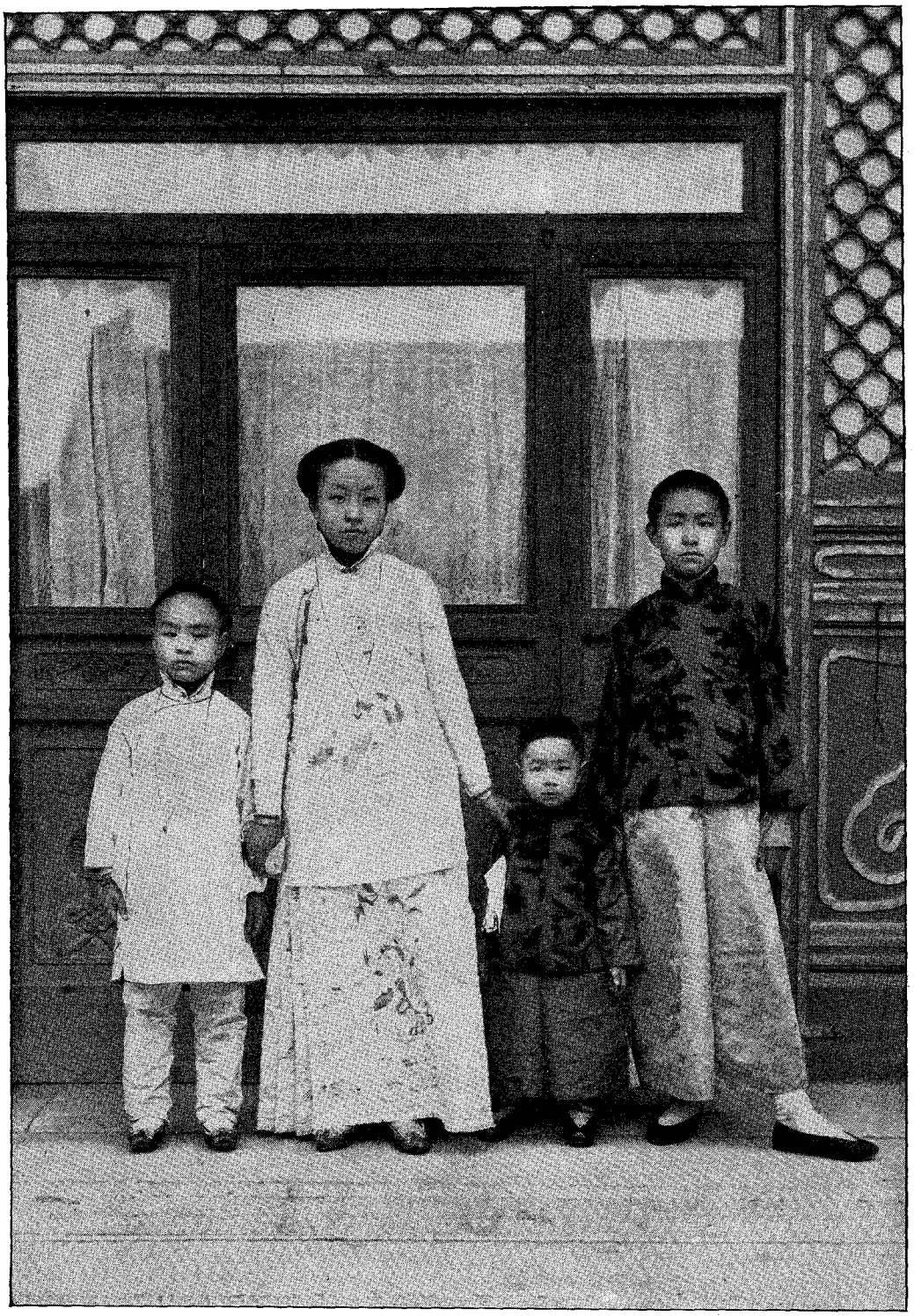

PRESIDENT LI YUAN-HUNG'S CHILDREN

At the left are two daughters, the older being Chao Fen; at the right, two sons, the elder, Chao Chi, "a rollicking boy, full of fun and mischief"

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education. Circumstanced as they are, their training is, of course, through tutors. They are studying mathematics, drawing, history, geography, and English, besides giving a due amount of attention to Chinese classics. It is Li's intention that the boys shall go abroad for their training, and quite possibly all the children in time. His oldest child, Chao Fen, a charming girl of sixteen, full of life and energy, quick in her studies, is sedate, modest in manner, but self-possessed and capable. On the death of Yuan, as her mother was ill, it was she who was intrusted by the new President and his wife with the message of condolence and sympathy and offers of assistance to the bereaved family. His second daughter, now ten years of age, was some time ago, in accordance with Chinese custom, betrothed to the tenth son of Yuan Shih-kai; although, of course, some time will elapse before the marriage. His eldest son, Chao Chi, is fourteen years of age and well advanced in his studies—though not quite so interested in them as is his oldest sister—strong and hearty, ready to join his father in games requiring skill and energy; a rollicking boy, full of fun and mischief. The younger boy, a child of four, with a roguish, happy face not yet touched by the responsibilities of study, has enough superfluous energy to keep the nurse and family busy.

In Government, as in business, we see in the President the same personal characteristics of a man of the true democratic type. He is interested in modern things, and hopes to apply the best scientific methods to Government as well as to farming and to other forms of business. As President he has the same unaffected way in greeting people that he showed before. Although greatly burdened by the cares of office at this most critical time in Chinese modern history, still he makes time to see any one from whom he thinks he may receive ideas worth while on governmental work. As he said the other day, he means to make his Government as far as possible a government of law, not at all a matter of personal ambition or personal rule. He is trying unselfishly and honestly to find out as best he can the real wishes of the people of China, and it is their wishes and their welfare that count with him. Some people are disposed to criticise the time he is taking in putting his new Government into shape. They think he should have acted at once in changing his Cabinet; but, quite after the fashion of a democratic ruler like Lincoln, he is taking time to find out the wishes of his people and make changes as opportunity arises. Other changes are impending, but he wishes to make sure that each step shall be made so that it will not have to be retraced. In his manner the moral side of his character comes to the front. His secretary, Quo Tai-chi, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, with excellent training in government and economics, says that one of the gratifying things that he has to think of is that during the four years he has been with Li he has never once been asked to do anything that could in any way offend the moral sensibility. The President thinks it possible to manage politics on a high ethical plane even in China. His predecessor, Yuan, a man of great decision and prompt in action, called attention more than once with admiration to Li's modesty, kindness, and honesty, as well as to his great ability.

People are interested, foreigners especially, in the question of the religious attitude of rulers of the East. From the American point of view, Li makes little pretense to any formal religion. He takes the religious teachings of his people as they are taught in the classics. He is not a Christian, but at the same time he has always been friendly toward the missionaries, and especially toward the Young Men's Christian Association. I recall the admiring tone of a librarian of one of the mission colleges who spoke of Li's attitude at the time of the revolution in the region about Wuchang. Whether he was Christian in profession or not, she felt there could be no doubt that he was Christian in spirit, a brave, noble, unselfish, patriotic man.

He has before him a tremendous task. In trying to follow the will of the people he is, of course, attempting to break new ground, and the task will require great tact as well as great decision of character. Some people have thought him weak, but there can be no question that the picked men composing his Cabinet have already found him a man of strong will. It is too early to make predictions as to how great his success will be, but he is not shrinking from his task, however much he realizes the difficulties; and if he succeeds in establishing and maintaining peace, in uniting his country and keeping it independent of foreign domination, he will have won an unsurpassed success. Certainly all who know him wish for the best, and expect the best.

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MUST THE PRICE OF BREAD GO UP?

BY ROBERT H. MOULTON

NAPOLEON said that an army travels on its stomach. And Napoleon was right. History proves that a poorly nourished army is a poor fighting army; that a soldier without plenty of good food is about as useless as a gun without ammunition. The armies of Europe have added to the weight of this argument during the last two years through their very efficiency; they have been regularly served with an abundance of good food, prepared and served with a scientific care never before known in any conflict. This was made necessary by the hugeness of the undertaking, which, of course, has taxed to the utmost the ingenuity of those in charge of the different commissary departments. The world hears about vast, almost unlimited supplies of ammunition, and marvels at the amazing output. But the almost equally enormous supply of food required has received comparatively little attention.

Bread, of course, is the chief article of food for the soldier, just as it is for the civilian. There is no substitute for it, although, naturally, the scarcity of the supply of wheat and the difficulty of obtaining it during the present war have frequently made it necessary for army bread to contain a certain proportion of some other grain. Yet wheat flour is the basis of all bread products, and without it there could be no army.

It is little wonder, then, that the world's wheat crops, and particularly those of America, have been watched with anxious eyes. All the nations now at war, with the exception of Russia, are large importers of wheat each year, and, in a way, the success or failure of their armies has depended as much upon the supply of wheat as upon the supply of arms and ammunition. It was absolutely necessary, therefore, that they should obtain wheat, and, beginning with the declaration of war, there was a wild scramble for it, with the result that prices went soaring. War inevitably means a rise in the price of all foodstuffs. In the case of a war of such magnitude as the one now going on this rise was bound to be proportionately greater. The price of any commodity is governed by the law of supply and demand.

That this was not generally understood, however, was evidenced when the price of wheat reached the $1.50 a bushel mark. While this was fine for the American farmer, and nobody begrudged him his good luck, it also meant a rise in the price of flour. When this was realized, the public blamed speculation, demanding that the boards of trade be closed and that further exportation of wheat be prohibited.

In the end, however, the baker became the chief target of censure. Although forced to pay fifty per cent more for his flour, and proportionately for other materials used in his trade, at the first suggestion of increasing the price of bread there was a howl from coast to coast, and the baker was denounced as a robber. He was expected to absorb all this extra cost, for which he was in no way responsible, and to bear the whole burden of the farmer's prosperity.

It is rather remarkable, in view of the frequent fluctuations in the prices of other foodstuffs, that the price of bread alone should be so firmly fixed in the public mind that no conditions whatever seem to justify an increase in that price. When there is a shortage of cattle and the butcher is forced to charge more for his meat, or when a scarcity of vegetables compels the groceryman to raise his prices, the public takes the matter more or less philosophically. But any suggestion leading to a higher price for bread is at once the signal for universal and vigorous protest. The cost of a loaf of bread has been indelibly printed on the mind of the consumer at five cents, and nothing else seems right. He doesn't stop to think that reduced acreage, winter killing, a drought, a wet harvest, or the ravages of insects may cause such a short crop of wheat that the price of the grain, and consequently the price of the flour which is made from it, inevitably must go up.

During the last two years the prices of materials used in the baker's trade have jumped to a point never before known. Wheat has increased 50 per cent in price; sugar, 82 per cent; lard, 10 per cent; cottonseed oil, 90 per cent; salt, 22 per cent; rye, 59 per cent; wrapping paper, 50 per cent; gasoline (for power), 80 per cent;

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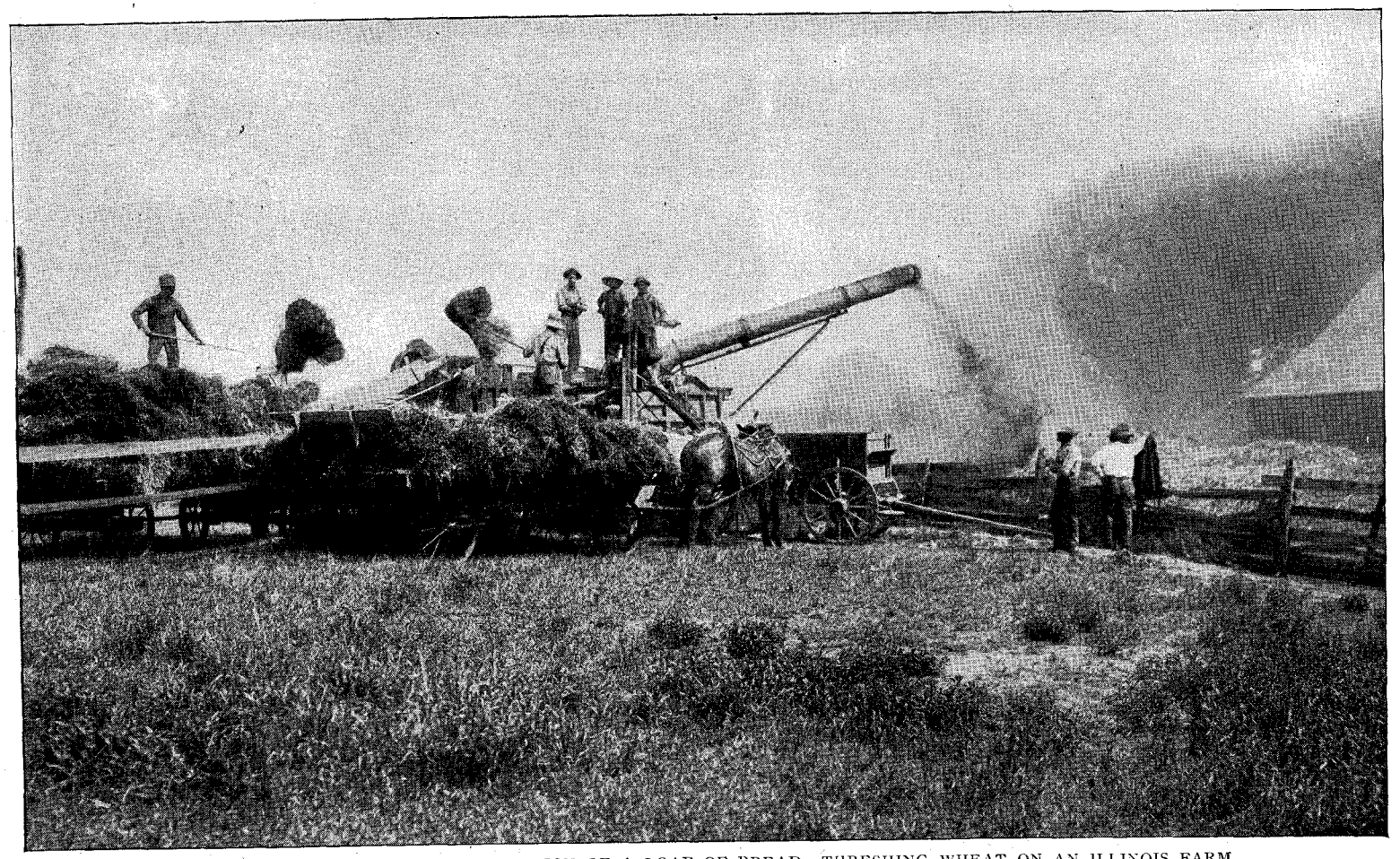

THE INITIAL STAGE IN THE PRODUCTION OF A LOAF OF BREAD—*THRESHING* WHEAT ON AN ILLINOIS FARM

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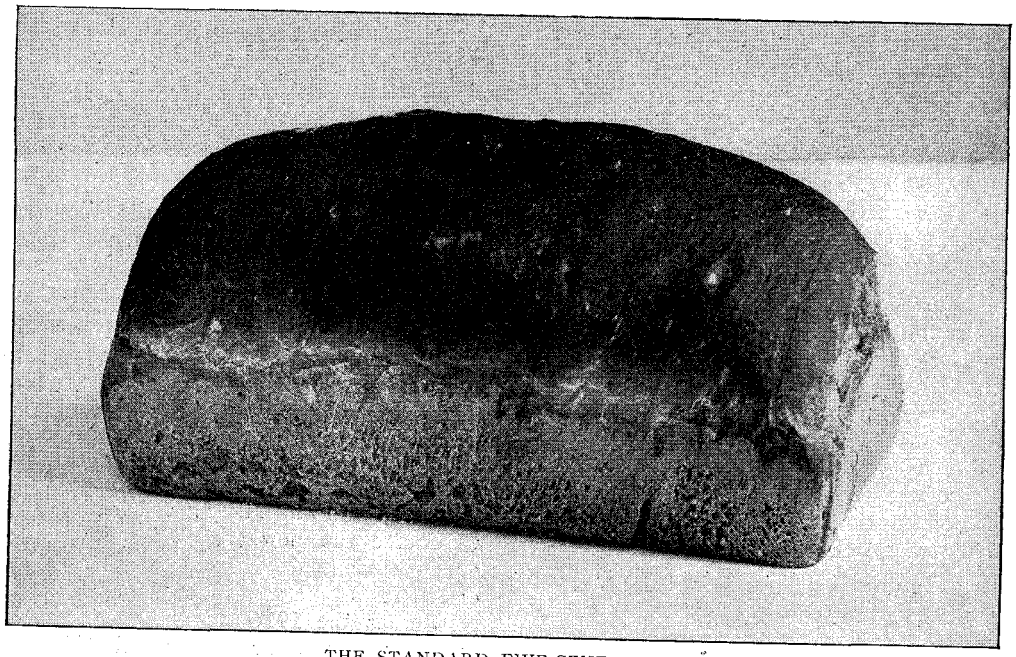

THE STANDARD FIVE-CENT LOAF

lubricating oil, 40 per cent. Economists tell us, too, that even after peace has been declared present high prices will be maintained for a number of years. This applies in particular to wheat, for it is self-evident that short crops in the belligerent countries are inevitable during the first period of reconstruction, without taking into account what may happen to the wheat crops of other countries.

As a matter of fact, the world's maximum production of wheat has very nearly been reached, while its population, the consumers of bread, is steadily increasing. The additional acreage which may be planted to wheat is comparatively small, and in many sections of this country the yields, due to worn-out soil, poor seed, and other causes, are already decreasing. That this situation is fully realized is shown by the efforts of the United States Department of Agriculture and numerous State and local crop-improvement associations to teach better and more economical methods of farming. But it is self-evident that even the most intensive farming cannot long keep pace with the world's gradually increasing demand.

Perhaps no better illustration of this fact can be given than what happened in the fall of 1914 and the spring of 1915. Inspired by the high prices of wheat during the first six months of the war, and with visions of equally high prices in the future, every farmer in the country who had raised wheat before, and many who had never raised a bushel, began to plant every available inch to wheat, some of them even diverting to this use land which formerly had been devoted to other crops.

The result was an increase of about 10,000,000 acres in the wheat acreage of the country, and a crop of approximately 200,000,000 bushels more than in normal years. But this was merely a flash in the pan, so to speak, and, in a way, acted as a boomerang; for a large percentage of this abnormal crop was of so poor a quality that millers refused to buy it, and there were many complaints from foreign purchasers.

As early as last March Government reports indicated that both the acreage and the wheat crop this year would return to about normal figures, based on the average of the last ten years. But, owing to loss by rust, blight, and other causes, these figures were gradually reduced until, in the latest report issued by the Government, on August 8, the total wheat crop in the United States was estimated at only 654,000,000 bushels, a reduction of 358,000,000 bushels from the 1915 crop.

Canada raised 336,000,000 bushels of wheat last year, and, according to the best authorities, the present outlook is for but 175,000,000 to 200,000,000 bushels, which

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figures are subject to further revision downward if there be any further damage from rust, blight, or frost. The European crops are the poorest in a generation. Therefore we have a situation where the production of surplus-producing nations is sub-normal. The crops of consuming nations are likewise poor, intensifying the demands upon those countries raising a surplusage of wheat above their own requirements. The result of all this is that in the first three weeks following the Government's August report the price of wheat went up over twenty-five cents a bushel, while the price of flour advanced ninety cents a barrel during the same period.

What is to be the result? Must the price of bread go up, or is there some other solution of the problem?

Investigation of the subject shows that while within the last decade the increasing public demand for more sanitary and hygienic conditions in the manufacture of food products has brought an evolution in the manufacture of bread, this has been accomplished only at the expense of the baker's margin of profit—a profit which, he contends, has never been large. Though the quality of his bread has been improved through the introduction of more scientific methods, and he has had to meet the tax added to the former cost of manufacture by reason of more expensive equipment and the higher cost of labor and materials, the price of the standard loaf has remained stationary at five cents.

The bakery of 1916 is not the bakery of 1910; far less is it the bakery of 1900. Could a baker of 1880 step out of his grave into a bakery of to-day, except for some of the ovens and the sight of dough, he would hardly know what sort of place he was in. The baking business, after years of stagnation, has in recent years been turned inside out, upside down, to such an extent that even the men who have been a part of the revolution are still marveling at the changes, and the speed with which they have been wrought. Of course the new order of things is not equally evident in all bakeries; but the bakery of 1916 is a type as distinct from its predecessors as the 1916 sky-scraper is of city buildings. And while it is easy to find bakeries which show little or no signs of progress, the hopeful fact is that in the majority of bakeshops everywhere a healthy discontent with old ways is apparent; new and better

A FOREIGN GOVERNMENT PURCHASING AGENT EXAMINING WHEAT IN A KANSAS FIELD

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ways are displacing the old in shops both large and small.

Where formerly ramshackle buildings of poor construction and little or no provision for sanitary arrangements were used as places in which to manufacture bread, we now find modern concrete and steel buildings in which every sanitary convenience is provided. Where formerly shops were allowed to be littered with débris, piles of refuse, and cobwebs, and proprietors had a disregard for vermin, the modern bakery is scrubbed as clean as the housewife's kitchen. Concrete floors, steel troughs, enamel brick walls, perfect lighting arrangements, shower-baths for employees, and every feature to eliminate the conditions of twenty years ago have been provided. All these new features, which mean interest on investment, cost of upkeep, depreciation on equipment, welfare of employees, workmen's compensation laws, etc., naturally have reduced the profit on bread.

Then the public began to insist upon wrapped bread, which was an additional item of expense to the baker, while present systems of delivery have still further increased the cost of doing business through the maintenance of vehicular equipment of the most modern type. This, of course, is in the interest of the public, and the baker concedes the justice of the public demand. Nevertheless it must be paid for.

Prior to the advent of the European war these items alone, bakers say, were so making for the increase in the cost of production that they would of themselves have forced either a rise in the price of the standard five-cent loaf or made necessary a change of the buying habit on the part of the public from the small to the larger loaf, namely, the ten or fifteen cent size. And in this last statement seems to lie the real solution of the whole problem.

Practically every baker interviewed on this subject declared that there was but one way by which the public could receive the benefits of highest quality and largest quantity, with the present standard of cleanliness and service maintained, and that was through the public changing its habit of insistence upon a loaf of bread for a nickel. The former quantity can be supplied in the larger loaf and the former value to the consumer maintained, bakers say, if they are permitted to combine two or three five-cent loaves into one loaf, and thus effect the economies of manufacture which this practice would permit. They point out, for instance, that it costs the baker virtually the same for labor, fuel, advertising, and delivery to make ten or fifteen cent loaves as it does to make the five-cent loaf, the only difference being in the cost of materials.

The larger loaf thus urged by the bakers would seem to be in the public interests, in that it is represented as having better keeping qualities, retains its moisture, is economical from the fact that it has two crusts instead of four, as would be the case in two five-cent loaves, and has an improved flavor and keeping quality.

All bakers agree that the smaller the loaf of bread, the poorer the quality. Hence the larger loaf would appear to offer the public the maximum of quality, quantity, cleanliness, and service, while at the same time it would enable the baker to absorb the added expense incident to the higher cost of materials and the still greater costs incident to providing better hygienic conditions in the manufacture of his product.

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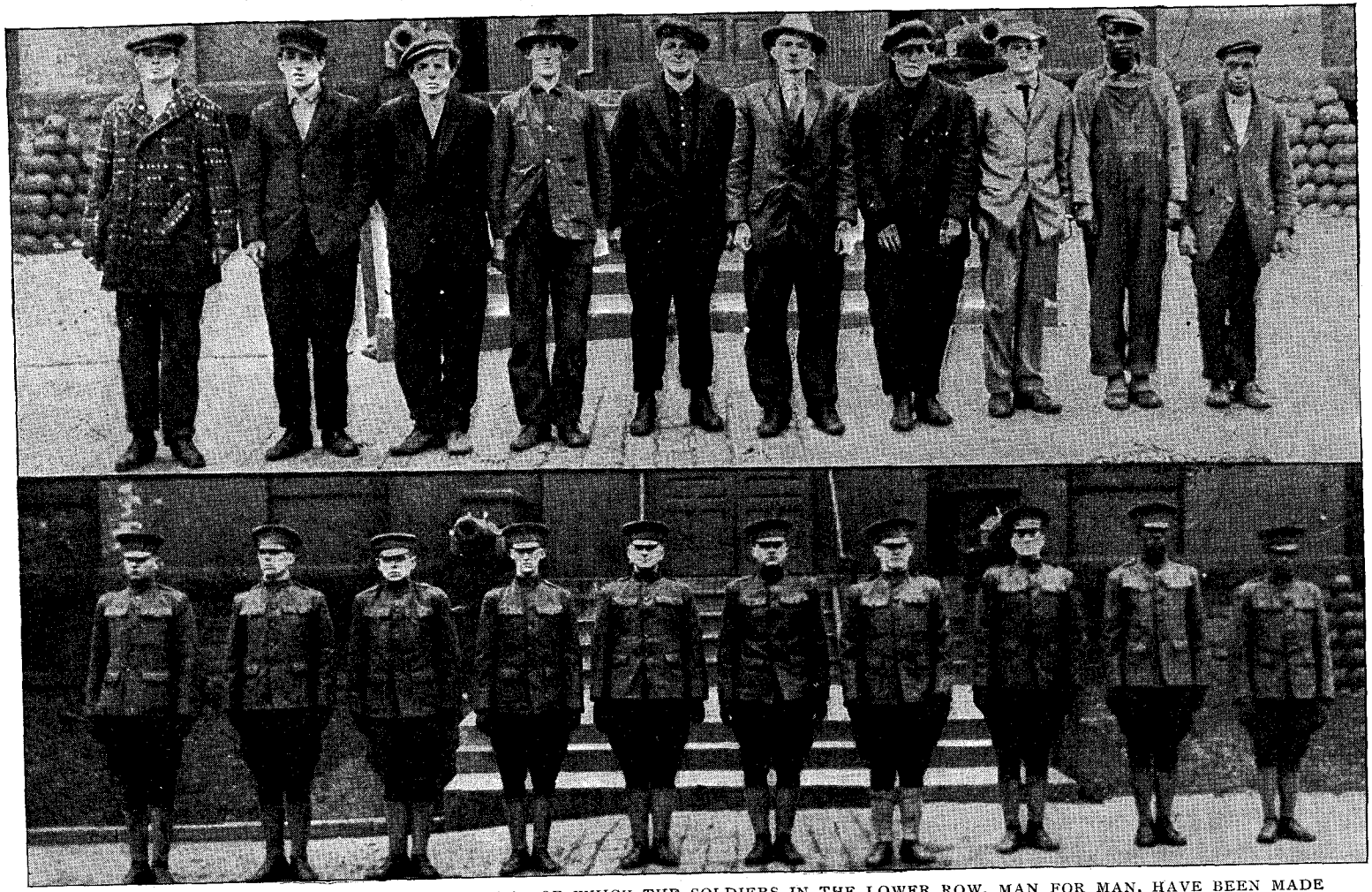

THE TOP ROW SHOWS THE RAW MATERIAL OUT OF WHICH THE SOLDIERS IN THE LOWER ROW, MAN FOR MAN, HAVE BEEN MADE

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GATHERING IN THE RAW RECRUIT

BY KINGSLEY MOSES

MEN WANTED FOR THE UNITED STATES ARMY

A TALL, gaunt farmer boy with a very dirty face and huge gnarled hands stood open-mouthed before the brilliant poster displayed before the small town recruiting office. In his rather dull mind he pictured himself as he would look, straight and dignified, in the khaki uniform, perhaps even with the three stripes of the sergeant on his arm.

"Fifteen dollars a month," he thought to himself, "and board and clothes and lodgings and doctor's bills. Why, that's more than I'm gettin' now on the farm! I'd see the world; I might even get to learn a regular trade." He scratched his chin thoughtfully. "Well, I ain't gettin' nowhere now, that's sure," he concluded, and slowly climbed the stairs.

This boy had not come to his decision in a moment. His untrained but thoroughly honest mind worked slowly. He had been pondering the opportunities of army life for many weeks. The idea had come to him by chance, he thought.

Over a month ago he had been plowing the lower forty of Old Man Huggins's farm. The road to the mountains lay along one side of the field, and as the boy turned and started to plow his furrow toward the road he noticed that a motor cycle had stopped just beyond the fence. "Broke down," the boy commented to himself, as he saw the tan-clad rider dismounting. Over the mule's huge back he watched as he drew nearer. "Why, the rider was in uniform; he must be a soldier!"

Sure enough, when the fence was reached the boy saw that the stranger was dressed in the regulation khaki of Uncle Sam, with the U. S. in block letters at the vent of the collar and two stripes on the left sleeve.

"Broke down?" the boy queried, dropping his plow-handles.

The corporal grunted and continued to potter with his machine.

"You in the army?" the boy continued, leaning on the fence.

"You bet!" assented the soldier. Then, looking up and taking in the big, raw-boned physique of the youngster "Ever think of joinin'?"

"Can't say's I did."

"Got any friends in the army?"

"Nope."

"Fine life." The motor cycle was attracting little of the recruiting officer's attention now, for he was a recruiting officer, and engaged in one of the most practical phases of his work.

"Them soldiers have a pretty easy life, don't they?" Evidently the boy was becoming interested.

The recruiting officer laid down his tools, pulled out a pipe, and sat down comfortably under a small sycamore tree at the roadside.

"Not so very easy," he replied, "but interesting and exciting." He paused for a minute to scrutinize the prospective recruit more closely. To his experienced eye the boy appeared desirable. Slouchy, dirty, and lazy-looking perhaps; but there were nevertheless good muscles and a strong body under those ragged overalls. The corporal launched into his story.

For twenty minutes the boy listened open-mouthed to the stories of post life, where baseball, football, and boxing divided the time with drilling; of mess-halls where a fellow could eat all he wanted to, free; of good-fellowship and fraternal pride in the organization; of the pleasant evenings in the amusement rooms in quarters. And then of the life of the big world, of which the boy had only dreamed; of the Western plains; of Texas, the snowy ridges of the great Rockies, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, the Philippines, Hawaii, the strange glamour of the tropics, the great wildernesses of the frozen North.

"It seems 'most like as I'd like to join," was the timid venture.

"What's your name?"

"Steve Bishop."

"All right, Steve, come in and see me the next time in town," said the corporal, rising. "We'll talk it over."

And, mounting his motor cycle, he was gone down the road in a whirl of red dust.

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Nor did the farmer boy think to wonder at the sudden recovery of the apparently stalled machine.

"Missionary work," explains the corporal. "We never beg 'em to join; but we do sort of give 'em the idea. Like joinin' the Masons, you know," he winked, giving me the grip.

So it happened that Steve Bishop mounted the stairs that day, resolved to join the army if they would take him.

In the small, bare, but immaculately clean room at the head of the stairs he found his friend the corporal banging away at a typewriter. "How are you, Steve? Glad to see you," was the welcome. "Sit down a minute, and we'll talk."

The soldier finished his page, lit his pipe again, and leisurely swung round in his chair.

"Think you'll like to soldier with us?" he said.

Unconsciously the boy appreciated the compliment; it was flattering to be considered on a basis of equality with this clean-cut, rugged man of the wide world.

"I reckon so," he replied, almost timidly.

"Well, how old are you, Steve?"

"Twenty-one." The corporal nodded approval. That was all right, then; no tedious formality of securing signed permission from parent or guardian was necessary.

Then began a string of personal questions as to previous employment, education, details of physical condition, moral record (for the army will have no ex-jailbirds), etc., and finally the question, "Why do you want to join?"

"They don't know why I ask that," says the corporal, "but I have a mighty good reason. From the way a boy answers I can decide which branch of the service he ought to be connected with. If he wants to be a soldier just for travel and adventure, I advise the infantry or the cavalry; but if he seriously wants to learn and study, I recommend him to the coast artillery or the engineers."

Then comes the physical examination, a vigorous but not exacting course of sprouts designed to find out if the applicant is capable of violent exertion and to discover any minor weaknesses; an examination of eyes, ears, teeth, and nose; and, finally, a cursory scrutiny for functional disorders.

"I'll take you, Steve," the corporal finally says. "In about a week we'll send you to the barracks."

"But what am I goin' to do till then? I ain't got a cent."

"Don't worry about that. You'll eat and sleep at Mrs. Barrows's"—naming a good, clean boarding-house in the town, the owner of which has a yearly contract with the Government to take care of just such embryo recruits; "in the daytime you can hang around town, and the police won't bother you if you behave yourself. If they call you for loafin', tell them you're waitin' to get into the army."

In a week the district recruiting officer, a young lieutenant, drops in on his regular circuit. The men who have been accepted by the non-commissioned officer are put through their paces again, and so expert is the corporal in judging good material that none of Steve's group of eight are rejected.

"All right, says the corporal when the lieutenant has gone; "here's your tickets to the training station at Columbus, Ohio, and twenty-eight cents apiece for coffee on the way. In these boxes you'll find four big, healthy lunches for each one of you. That'll keep you until you get to Columbus."

One of the new recruits is given charge of the form ticket issued by the railway expressly for the Government; is told that when meal-time comes he can get off the train with the others and for fifty cents buy a big pail of hot coffee for the bunch at the station 'unch-room. Then the corporal takes them all down to the train, tells them briefly but plainly what is expected in the way of conduct from a soldier, and winds up with the admonition: "And, boys, remember this first of all; the first duty of a soldier is this: do what you're told to do, do it without question, and *do it quick*. Good-by."

In twenty-four hours Steve and his companions are at the training station, have taken the oath of allegiance, and are safely and well on their way to full membership in the family of Uncle Sam.

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THE SWORD

BY HELEN GRAY CONE

One of the seventy had a sword
  The day that Christ was crucified:
He followed where they led his Lord,
  The man that could not stand aside.

When that first hammer-stroke rang loud,
  And left and right the rabble swayed,
He flashed from out the staring crowd,
  He died upon the Roman blade.

His fruitless deed, his noteless name,
  By careless Rome were never told.
Now shall we give him praise or blame?
  Account him base, acclaim him bold?

Was he the traitor to his Lord,
  Deeper than Peter that denied,
The loving soul that took the sword,
  The man that would not stand aside?

Or did the glorious company
  Of Michael's sworded seraphim
With chivalrous high courtesy
  Rise up to make a place for him?

FATHER HIPPO

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

I

"GOD go with you, Father Hippo!" piped up an affable tousle-head, who had just scuttled back to his mother out of the path of the broad, black figure of the approaching priest.

The mother, a buxom young woman who, in orange-colored shawl and pomegranate-colored skirt, looked like a peasant embodiment of Spain, crossed herself in embarrassed apology, but the big priest lumbered on, vaguely smiling. It was no news to him that "the Thursday" had nicknamed him after the hippopotamus. It was not personal reverence that he was looking for in the Rag Fair, but something infinitely dearer to his silent soul—something that brought him there, often the earliest customer, every Thursday morning and kept him there till midday, peering through his round, protruding eyes at the varied displays upon the stalls and bending double to study the miscellanies of hardware and the like spread out upon the ground.

An hour later Father Hippo, having plodded across the city, turned into a narrow street whose rough paving was filthy from the donkeys and goats that had traversed it since the last rain. Picking his way as best he could, he reached a stately stone doorway with a dimmed, defaced escutcheon above, and passed through the arched *zaguan* into what once had been a lordly *patio*. It was now a bare court where unkempt children and flea-tormented dogs were doing their pitiful best to enjoy the gift of life. The old palace had been clumsily converted into a tenement-house by partitions that cut large rooms into small and by the addition of three tiers of continuous wooden balconies, running about the four sides of the court. These cheap balconies were already sagging and

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showed dangerous breaks here and there in floor and railing. On some of them linen was hung out to dry; on others old people were crouching in a spot of sunshine, babies sleeping in baskets, and women gossiping over their work, for the windowless rooms received so little light that the more fastidious household tasks, as mixing the *puchero* and mending, not to mention the more critical operations of the toilet, as shaving and hair-dressing, had to be done in the open.

The corner stairway that gave access to the balconies creaked under the priest's ponderous tread, and heads of rich black tresses, few of them without a gay paper flower worn above the left ear, popped out over the upper rails.

"Only the *Padre!*"

But any excuse for idling was welcome, and a score of bright eyes followed the progress of that slow figure in the broad black hat and voluminous cassock until it disappeared within one of the open doors leading off from the lowest balcony.

Father Hippo, asked on one occasion by an unmannerly person as to whom his household consisted of, had tranquilly replied, "An old fox, a kicking mule, and a white lamb," and changed the subject. They were all in the long, shallow kitchen as he lumbered in—his sister, Concepcion, in the mid fifties; her widowed daughter, Concha, in the mid thirties; and Concha's only surviving child, seventeen-year-old Conchita.

A parish priest, with no income beyond his pittance of two pesetas a day for saying mass at seven o'clock every morning in a usually empty chapel attached to an ancient collegiate foundation, Father Hippo would not have chosen to maintain a family. He had no choice in the matter. Concepcion had been a burr on his skirts ever since her husband sailed to make a fortune in South America. Perhaps he was still making it. At all events, he had not returned, and no letter nor message nor any news of him had come their way for a quarter of a century. He had been a man of furious temper, which he had bequeathed, together with his wild, dark beauty, to Concha. The beauty had won her a well-to-do husband, a master carpenter, but the temper had driven the carpenter to the tavern, and he was giddy with the after-effects of a carouse the day he fell from a high scaffolding and broke his neck. There had been five children then, but four little coffins, all pink and blue and yellow, had presently relieved Father Hippo, whose scanty resources were strained to the utmost, of four hungry mouths. Only Conchita remained, timid Conchita with the wistful smile. Father Hippo had bowed his back to his burden, and, except for that one caustic characterization to the busybody, no outsider had ever heard from his lips censure or complaint.

"At last!" scolded Concha. "And without the water-jar that you forgot last Thursday and the Thursday before!"

"Sh-h, Concha mine!" protested Concepcion's oily tones. "Your uncle's dignity as a priest would suffer if he should carry a water-jar through the streets. It is natural that he should care more for his dignity than for our comfort."

"So much for his dignity!" screamed Concha, snatching up Father Hippo's favorite soup-bowl and hurling it against the wall, where the pretty dish of peasant earthenware, faintly flushed with the rose-color that had often consoled the priest during his stormy meals, was shattered into a score of pieces.

"Perhaps now he will remember to buy pottery."

And the black-browed virago rushed out upon the balcony, biting her fingers as she ran, while Concepcion, sighing ostentatiously, and Conchita, hurrying nervously, gathered up the fragments.

It was a bad beginning of the luncheon, which Father Hippo proceeded to gulp in silence, but, as Concha had betaken herself and her furies down into court, Concepcion felt that the opportunity, such as it was, must not be lost.

"Conchita's *novio* was here again last night."

A protesting murmur came from Conchita, and her great-uncle, glancing in her direction, noticed that the girl's delicate cheeks had taken on almost the very tint of his lamented bowl.

"He says he will marry her right away, our little one, if—if you can arrange to give her a dowry of—of only five hundred pesetas."

"Umph!"

"I suspect he would come down to four—perhaps even to three fifty."

"And where am I to find three hundred and fifty pesetas—or fifty, for the matter of that? It was all I could do to pay the quarter's rent last week, as you know very well. I hoped to be left in peace for a little. But when a man believes his tooth is safe, then it hits on something hard."

Yet even as he protested the priest's eyes

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followed Conchita, who had slipped from her corner of the bench and was kneeling beside a dilapidated cedar chest, carved about the four sides with a mediæval wedding procession. He had bought it in the Rag Fair half a dozen years since and given it to the child to encourage her to learn to sew. Ever since that day the bridal chest had been the center of Conchita's interest and aspiration, the poetry of her shy, unfolding life.

The softening of Father Hippo's eyes as he watched the young face brighten over those treasures of embroidered linen did not escape his sister, and she took courage to venture on perilous ground.

"There are often strangers in Seville, foreigners made of gold, who would pay many pesetas for such odds and ends as a clever man can pick up at the Thursday."

The priest dropped his heavy jaw and stared at her across the table.

"What does a decent woman who minds her house know of foreigners?"

"There was one in this room to-day."

Father Hippo shrugged an expressive shoulder and passed the cheese.

"Fill the mouth and it will not lie."

"Keep that saying for beggars. It is no lie. I was coming home from market, and there, at the corner shop, was a fool paying sixty pesetas for a *nacimiento* no bigger than my fist."

"Not sixty pesetas!"

"To the last centimo. That scamp Pancho Gomez—ah, but his mother was a wily one and robbed the foreigners so well that now she can sit with folded hands like a lawyer's wife!—was telling him it came from a chapel in Toledo and was more ancient than the time of the Moors."

"The son of the cat will catch a rat. I have seen that *nacimiento* in their window—the Virgin and Child and San José in yellow ivory, mounted on a broken ebony stand. It was made within a twelvemonth—made for Pancho and his sort to sell. Sixty pesetas! It would have been dear at six."

"So I twitched the stranger's sleeve," went on the woman, furtively watching the glowering face across the table and measuring the effect of every clause, "and, as he understands a little Spanish, though he speaks it so oddly that the words themselves cannot guess what they are, it was easy to bring him here."

"The man who swallows a bone has confidence in his throat."

"The saints—not I—know what you mean by that. It was my duty to my grandchild I was doing. Shall we all sit here twiddling our thumbs and let Conchita's only chance go by? The stranger asked the price of that old chest, but the *nina* cried—"

"Nobody shall buy Conchita's chest. And there is nothing else here that any connoisseur could covet."

"Mother told him you had all manner of antiquities, much choicer than Pancho's, hidden away somewhere," maliciously cut in Concha from the doorway. "She made him promise to come back this afternoon."

"Oh, the undutiful one!" groaned Concepcion, rocking herself to and fro and wringing her work-worn hands. "Child of my sorrows! Live coals that I carried in my breast!"

"Bring up crows and they'll scratch out your eyes," muttered Father Hippo, thrusting back his chair so violently that it screeched on the stone floor like a soul in purgatory.

His hand on the latch of his bedroom door, the priest turned to address his household with all the sternness of which he was capable.

"Once for all, understand that I am no dealer in antiquities. I sell nothing. I have nothing. Never again tempt the feet of the rich across my threshold. If your foreigner comes this afternoon, Concepcion, I shall not be at home. Send him away and take good heed that he does not return."

"Who lives shall see," mocked Concha, as her uncle's portly figure disappeared through the doorway, the effect of his oration somewhat marred by a tell-tale clink of brass from under the black cassock.

II

Shooting the bolt, Father Hippo, safe in the solitude of his own room, drew a deep breath and rubbed his hands together with unwonted complacency.

"It was time I spoke out," he reflected, "time I asserted myself strongly as master of this house. It is ill with the roost when the hens crow and the cock is silent."

The chamber, small and dark, where he so gladly stood had been made by the simple expedient of running a partition midway across the large room originally open to the court and extending to the outer wall of the house, and again, by a still flimsier partition, dividing this further oblong space into two squares. The street wall was, in Oriental

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fashion, almost blank. Its very few windows, narrow, arched, and heavily grated, were wide apart, and no one of them chanced to belong to the priest's chamber or to the corresponding one shared by the three women. The apartment rented by Father Hippo was registered by the landlord as comprising these three rooms. All were dependent for light and air upon the balcony door, which sufficed for the kitchen, and, as the door of the women's chamber usually stood by day wide open, the noontide sunbeams would sometimes enter there; but the atmosphere of the Father's chamber, opened only at night, was always dank and heavy.

The zest of Concepcion's existence was her fruitless endeavor to discover why it was that her brother made a mystery of his room. He had himself fitted it with so massive an inside bolt, which he always shot behind him on entering, and with so complicated an outside padlock, which his key always snapped on leaving, that neither her craft nor Concha's violence had ever been able to effect an entrance. He himself took nearly all the care of this monastic cell, merely admitting Conchita, once a month, to wash the red-tiled floor by candlelight, but the girl was unable or unwilling to report anything out of the common.

"I saw the bed. I don't know how Tito makes it look so queer."

"Queer? Was it humpy? Did you feel of the bed? Was there anything hard, like bags of silver dollars, in the mattress?"

But Conchita, with her great-uncle always in the room, had never dared to investigate the mattress. As far as she could or would tell, the chamber contained only the barest necessities of the toilet, priestly clothing, a chair and writing-table, a heap of shoes in one corner, a more orderly pile of books in another, and in a third—Concepcion wagged her gray head angrily—a pan of clay.

The old woman had not failed to bore peep-holes in the partition between the chambers, but her brother, who had seen her listening at doors and fitting her eye to cracks ever since he could remember, was on the watch for these, and, as fast as his groping fingers found them out, promptly filled them with potter's earth. They had been of little service at the best, for the room was dark during his absence and often even for hours after he had gone in and bolted the door behind him. The stolen glimpses that she had enjoyed showed him at his simple toilet or, more commonly, reading or writing by the glimmer of a tallow candle. Of late, since his eyes had been hurting him so badly, he allowed his literary labors the luxury of two candles, and this, after years of prying, was all that Concepcion had discovered. Baffled so long, she had determined to force the secret she had despaired of surprising.

To-day, however, she was more lucky than usual. She had two recently pierced spy-holes yet undetected, and through the one in her chamber wall she could see the glistening white circle of the tonsure and gradually make out that the priest was sitting, his back toward her, at his desk, where a single candle flickered, his head bent forward and his hands busy. Tiptoeing into the kitchen, she stationed herself at a narrow aperture cunningly hidden behind a hanging towel, and had just succeeded, with an involuntary sigh of triumph, in ascertaining that those fat hands were polishing some small object that shone like brass, when the black mass suddenly came erect, lunged forward, and an answering puff was blown full into her eye, which, blinking wildly, precipitately withdrew.

"And now—*ay de mi!*—he will fill up my clever slit with that accursed clay," reflected the discomfited eavesdropper. "A holy man in the house is worse than Barabbas."

By the time Concepcion had recovered spirit to return to her earlier post of observation Father Hippo's room was dark and silent, and so it remained for over an hour.

"Is Tito taking a *siesta?*" asked Conchita, merely by way of making conversation.

Concepcion was too vexed for politeness and paid no heed to the soft voice, but Concha, crossing herself, replied:

"More likely he's saying his prayers."

Poor stormy-heart! She said her prayers often and often, asking the Baby Jesus, to whom, perhaps, for the sake of her four lost little ones, she had an especial devotion, to excuse her for those tempers that seized her like whirlwinds and made her the terror of the court.

When Father Hippo came forth, his swarthy face was transformed by an inner shining. He locked the door with his accustomed care, but otherwise paid no heed to the scene about him, which had, nevertheless, its points of interest. Concepcion, with an acutely injured expression, was standing directly in his path, holding a wet cloth to one eye; Concha, on her knees in the farther corner, was passionately telling her beads before a

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coarse little image, gaudily colored, of the Christ Child; and Conchita, cuddled down beside the bridal chest, was hemming with happy fingers a pillow-case. But he passed by them all as if they were "empty olive-kegs," as Concepcion, while yet the heavy step, unpausing, creaked along the balcony, indignantly remarked. Dropping the wet cloth, she popped her head over the rail and shook her lean fist in exasperation at the black figure plunging down the crazy stairs and plodding across the broken pavement of the court until it passed from view under the arch of the *zaguan*.

At that moment a tumult of bells crashed out like sudden thunder on the air. The steeples had all gone mad with an instantaneous jubilee. Stiff old sextons were racing across church roofs and skipping at the end of their bell-ropes. Inclosed nuns were jangling their convent bells with all the pent-up energy of their hidden lives, clinging to the ropes till they were lifted off their feet and almost making a frolic of their worship. No fervid ringer was content till he had tumbled his bell topsyturvy, much to the detriment of the peal, but a visible attestation of the energy with which he was praising *La Purisima*. For this was December 8, the first of the eight days on which Seville keeps her dearest festival of all the Catholic year, the Immaculate Conception of Our Lady, a dogma for which this most chivalrous city had stood for some twelve centuries before, in the middle of the nineteenth, it was finally confirmed by Rome.

Every now and then, at one angle or another of Father Hippo's twisting way, the Giralda would soar into view, her giant bells leaping and somersaulting with no attempt at a chime, but with an exuberant determination to outclash and outclang and outclamor all the lower belfries of the city. In the depths of the priest's heart was a sharp envy of the ringers—even of that rash youth who, the year before, had scrambled up his rope to the bell and, flinging himself upon it, had made the dizzy turn-over with it, only, losing his hold, to be dashed to death on the pavement far below.

III

The service was mounting to its climax. The thronged center of the cathedral was a throbbing heart of worship. The two long lines of aisle chapels, with their pictured saints and alabaster bishops, were hushed and listening. From the Royal Chapel at the east, where San Fernando still keeps state in his splendid shrine, to the altar of the Guardian Angel at the west, all the august space was thrilled with emotion. The windows, glowing like colossal rubies, sapphires, turquoises, looked down from their untroubled height upon that massed humanity, that black, kneeling multitude, where the beating of breasts, the upreaching of arms, the rapid, repeated signing of the cross, testified to the intensity of devotion.

Father Hippo, whose aching knees had forced him to his feet, was standing in his favorite place close against the *Capilla Mayor*, on the south side, where his view would not be cut off by the secular backs of the orchestra, a row of incongruous gentlemen who did their best to hide themselves behind their stringed instruments. From the *Coro*, which, with the *Capilla Mayor* and the seated space between, occupies the middle of the nave, still rolled the majestic tones of the famous old organ, but the deep booming of the chant had ceased. Down the barred-off passageway was already moving from the *Coro* a rainbow procession: canons in purple, the dean of the Cathedral in blue and gold, the cardinal-archbishop in his resplendent scarlet, which reverent hands reached to touch and craving lips to kiss. The two little censer-bearers, in cloaks heavy with gold embroidery, stationed on either side of the entrance to the *Capilla Mayor*, greeted these high priests of the temple with clouds of incense from their waving thuribles. The cardinal, after kneeling a moment at the foot of the altar steps, seated himself on his blue-draped throne, while his attendant clergy continued to kneel, forming a semicircle about an ancient Arabic carpet, wondrously rich in texture and design, the carpet on which the Seises were to dance in adoration of the Undefiled.

Father Hippo pressed his fat face, the round eyes one unwinking stare, close against the great gilded rails that screen the Holy of Holies. His thick lips quivered as the ten chosen choir-boys, costumed like seventeenth-century pages in white shoes and stockings, in the white knickerbockers that have replaced the trunk-hose, in doublets of white satin with stripes and shoulder streamers of blue edged with gold, and in round blue hats turned up at one side with long white plumes, stepped lightly forth upon the sacred carpet. Their fresh voices, accompanied by

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the eager violins, rang out with childish impetuosity:

"Let us run, let us speed
Like arrows in their flight;
Let us kneel, let us plead
With Our Lady of Delight.
Bless thy children, bowing low,
Vested in thy white and blue,
O Our Lady of the Snow,
Our Lady of the Dew!"

Doffing their feathered hats to Roldan's statue of the Virgin, placed for these eight days of her festival high above the altar, they sang with innocent solemnity the *copla* of their faith—the *copla* that, three centuries since, had sounded like a war-cry throughout Seville, bringing blood and fire in its train:

"Be Mary's holy origin
For evermore believed,
That without stain of mortal sin
God's Mother was conceived."

How the words vibrated with stormy memories! The blood rushed to Father Hippo's head. He grew giddy and gripped the railings to save himself from falling. The lovely, slow minuet was like a heavenly vision to his gaze. He knew—none better—how intricate was the pattern that those unresting white feet wove on the precious carpet, how complicated the figures of that far-descended Oriental dance, but it was, to the fervor of his feeling, ever new, spontaneous praise of the beauty of the Purity beyond all human reach. Entranced with the mere motion of those slender, swaying forms in white and blue, he would forget to note their choice of songs, for, while the dance is ever one and the same, the hymns of the Seises number more than two hundred. Then, his trance dispelled by the sharp rattle of the castanets, his lips would move in an unconscious murmur of the melody:

"Lady, crowned with stars and robed
In the azure of the noon,
With thy feet upon the globed
Crystal of the moon,
While, O Lady of All Grace,
This thy Seville shall endure,
We adore thy radiant face,
Purest of the Pure."

Just beyond Father Hippo a feeble old man, who had slipped under his tottering knees two bits of worn carpeting, each about the size of a hand, sobbed huskily and fell forward so that his forehead pressed the marble floor. A brown-frocked friar gently drew him up and gave him the support of his own stalwart shoulder. Meanwhile the music of strings and voices had grown poignant with ecstasy:

"O White Lily! O White Dove!
All thy city brings thee love.
Pearl and Lily! Dew and Dove!
Purify our hearts with love."

On the other side of Father Hippo a young mother who had paid a penny for a chair, which she economically shared with her little boy, letting him stand on it during such times as she was kneeling, flung up beseeching arms toward that high-throned Madonna, while her olive face gleamed out so strangely from within the shadows of its black veil that the child tugged at her in terror and would not be comforted until she had embraced and kissed him. And now the strain sank lower and lower, becoming sweet and tender as a lullaby:

"Whiteness of Eternal Light
In whose face all glories meet,
Veil thy splendor from my sight;
Let me nestle at thy feet."

The lithe figures whirled once more, stood at rest, and then the released children, who had gone through their difficult dance as seriously as if the Catholic faith depended on their keeping step, became again mere choir-boys, "little monkeys," and sprang like antic elves up the broad flight of steps, knelt one breathless instant before the altar, and flashed off on one side or the other to the high sacristy behind, laughing as they ran. The semicircle of priests about the carpet rose stiffly to their feet, one rheumatic old martyr unable to struggle up without assistance, and more sedately followed the lads to the altar, which glistened with its festal covering of chased silver. Here they knelt again, leaving in their midst place for the portly cardinal, who ascended and knelt last of all, his four yards of scarlet train carefully spread by his attendants over the broad steps, a gorgeous note of color. The sacring-bells rang sharply out; the congregated worshipers, who had risen when the cardinal rose, dropped again upon their knees, the jubilant bells of the Giralda were heard crashing overhead, while the organ pealed from the *Coro* like the shout of an archangel praising God. The *Capilla Mayor* had become an abode of divine awe, and those purple and golden, azure and crimson, figures there, kneeling and rising and kneeling again, seemed bathed in celestial lights. The forest of tall white tapers burned steadfastly like

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adoring hearts before the supreme mystery of the Host, still unveiled above the high altar. Father Hippo's senses swam. He caught his breath in what was almost a sob. "His Majesty," who had been manifest since the opening of the service, was about to withdraw the shining of his presence. All eyes sought the blaze of the priceless pyx, crusted with diamonds as large as peas, now set high in the center of a ring of lights beneath a magnificent crown of fretted gold. The multitudinous devout crossing themselves incessantly, counting their beads, smiting their breasts, rocking to and fro, with sighs and groans and broken syllables of prayer, watched that sublime dazzle until the eclipsing curtains of gold brocade slowly drew together, and the cardinal, rising and turning to his flock, raised his scarlet arms in benediction.

"Ripping!" exclaimed a hearty young voice over Father Hippo's shoulder. "Beats the bull-fight all to hollow. Ripping!"

IV

Father Hippo's face, as he crossed the threshold, wore a look that awed even his unruly household. Without a word to his womenkind, all three huddled over the bridal chest, he entered his bedroom, shot the bolt, and, moving softly through the darkness to the wall opposite the partition dividing the two chambers, pushed with a practiced thumb on what for generations had been regarded as merely another of those large ornamental brass nails of which the old Andalusian builders made such lavish use. The pressure released a spring, and through an open slit that suddenly appeared in the discolored wall Father Hippo, turning sidewise, squeezed into his oratory—his blest retreat from all the worries and vexations of that miserable home.

It was a lofty, narrow, windowless cell, running the length of the original Moorish room, now cut into the three that formed the family's recognized apartment. The landlord and his careless carpenters had not discovered the lost chamber, on whose secret the priest had blundered in a fray with a mosquito. This mysterious room he had transformed, by the slow accumulations of years, into a well-furnished shrine of Our Lady. For her sake had Father Hippo haunted the Rag Fair Thursday after Thursday, month after month, year after year, and some of his findings there were genuine treasures of antiquity. To any but a connoisseur the image behind the olive-wood altar, beautiful for its inlay of mother-of-pearl, would have seemed only a dilapidated Madonna in tattered satin and stained brocade, but the face, blackened with centuries of incense, still faintly smiling, attested the chisel of a master carver. The hanging lamp that shed soft luster on that marred loveliness had burned for uncounted ages before a wayside shrine. Its pale flame hardly sufficed to define from the dimness of the wall overhead a great sorrowful cross, nobly wrought in bronze, that once pierced the blue above some clamorous church-tower long since hushed and fallen.

Father Hippo, who had indulged the infirmity of the flesh with a prayer-stool, knelt and bowed his head in the accustomed ritual of devotion, but the *Ave Marias* soon passed into the naïve outpourings of a heart alone with its Beloved.

"Lady of My Soul! Lady of the Silence! Lady of Refuge! Lady of Protection! Lady of Peace! How good it is to be here!"

He told her all about the service. He sang to her again, in a low, cautious grumble, the hymns the Seises had caroled in this first day of her octave, for he himself, old and heavy, had been, even he, just such a plumy little lad in blue and white some fifty years before. There in a lacquer cabinet he kept the dog-eared blank book, bound in faded red covers, in which some twenty of her songs were copied out in a stiff, laborious, childish hand. The dance, which requires a year to be learned in its perfection, he had not even yet ceased to practice, and now again, with a clumsiness at once pitiful and grotesque, Father Hippo strove to go through the steps for the delectation of his lonely Lady; but he soon desisted, puffing and limping as he made his way back to the prayer-stool. Big tears dropped fast on his clasped hands as he bowed himself anew before his faintly smiling Madonna.

"Lady of the Afflicted! Lady of Sorrows! Lady of the Waters! Lady of Tears! Lady of Bitterness! Lady of the Depths! Lady of Consolation! What have I to give to thee?

"Lady of Song! Lady of Grace! Lady of Light! Lady of Marvels! Lady of Victory!" pleaded the priest. "How may I, out of my poverty, my ignorance, my humbleness, make a worthy offering to thee? Vouchsafe an answer to the beseeching of my soul."

He waited for a sign, and the sign came. In the shadows beyond the altar he saw, or

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seemed to see, two African figures shaping from the dusk, their black uplifted faces suffused with the rapture of self-sacrifice. He knew them as "the slaves of the Conception," Domingo de Molina and Pedro Fernández Moreno, who in 1620 had at public auction sold themselves into lifelong bondage that the price of their bodies might enrich the festival procession of the Negro brotherhood of Our Lady of the Angels.

His own look was drawn by their adoring gaze upward to the face of the Madonna. How tender the smile, how sweet the blessing, that she would shed on these, who, having naught else to give, had given their very selves! "*Ay, Madre Mia!*" Father Hippo crossed himself in anguish. Was he scorned even here, even by his Lady of Mercies? A cruel miracle! The face of the Virgin had become the pleading face of Conchita.

It might have been minutes, it might have been hours, before the priest was roused by a distant, dull thudding. He knew the sound. He had heard it only too often. It was Concepcion banging upon his bedroom door. Groaning with the twinges of his lame knees, he pulled himself to his feet, and a moment later confronted his family in the kitchen, and not only his family, but two young men of extremely diverse aspect. One was the would-be *novio*, a sallow, slender lad just back from his long day's work in the cellar of a Triana pottery; the other, a ruddy, broad-shouldered, laughing foreigner, who, with a toss of a forefinger toward his hat-brim, accosted Father Hippo in Spanish, speaking that majestic tongue with a fluency and inaccuracy alike remarkable. Father Hippo had to listen attentively before he made out that the intruder was Concepcion's threatened hunter of antiquities.

"Seems to be a lot of jolly old trash kicking about your town," is what young Crœsus would have liked to say. What he succeeded in saying bore enough resemblance to it to infuse an extra effect of dignity into the priest's reply.

"The treasures of Seville, *señor*, are as the sands of the sea, as the celestial choirs of the stars."

"Good work!" responded the incorrigible. "Let's see what you've got. Never mind the sands, but turn out your pocketful of stars. I'm in a hurry."

Slowly as a martyr moving toward the fagots, Father Hippo led the way into his bedroom and beyond—into his holy place. Lighting a fresh taper set in a small bras candlestick, a candlestick of exquisite artistr he made the round of the room with th strange envoy of the Madonna, exhibiti without reserve its every cherished furni ing and adornment.

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed the heretic in native dialect, turning excitedly fror cherub-tipped processional rod of del ivory to a pearl-embroidered pennon c Purity. "It's ripping, the whole s show! I've no time to pick and c Better clear out the hole."

He pulled a bulging wallet from his and faced the priest, resuming his Spanish.

"A thousand pesetas for the lot."

A thousand pesetas! Father Hipp oked toward his Virgin, and then for a l silent moment at the three women who h -trust Concepcion for that!—crowded t selves into the oratory. He noted how were the lines that want and worry ha about his sister's unlovely mouth; he ted the sudden depths of awe and wor in Concha's great wild eyes; he not he flush that came and went on Conchita oft young face. To him, the adorer of woman- hood in the blessed Madonna, h een given these three actual women to otect. To serve her through care of the buy their gladness at the cost of her shrine, his hidden, only life—

"They are worth two thc d, *señor*."

"Fifteen hundred, and it's my last word. Do I take the stuff eave it?"

The priest shrugged hi ole big body. The dark face quivered The tonsured head fell forward.

"Take."

In half a minute the s were counted out. In half an hour th m was stripped. The young potter had erly volunteered his services. The purc r and the women had worked with a will. he altar had been taken apart, the cross down, the golden flame of the lamp ex ished, everything carried away. Father Hippo himself had borne through the thronged, wondering court the image of the Virgin and laid it upon the deep-cushioned seat of a yellow automobile.

At last he stood alone in the bare room. But never less alone. O Lady of Miracles! The presence was with him, the comfort was about him, he was breathing the fragrance of lilies, his hurt heart was brooded under white wings.

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A PLEA FOR THE NEGRO AS PUBLIC SERVANT

BY KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

WHAT is the real reason for the disinclination on the part of the managers of first-class hotels, restaurants, apartment-houses, and shops to employ the American Negro? It would be interesting to hear the answers and to test the verity and justice of them. Undoubtedly in many cases it is because the employers themselves are foreign, and are naturally more disposed to engage their own people. Yet even among Americans there seems to be a feeling on the part of employers that the Negro represents a lower grade in the class of employees. Yet again why? The innate courtesy and tact of the Negro, a certain pride he has in doing the thing well that he is given to do, his understanding of American habits and intentions, and the fact that English is his language give him a greater advantage over the kind of white boys that are employed in preference to him as hall boys, telephone operators, and elevator boys —boys often having so slight a knowledge of English as to render their services an embarrassment and inconvenience to those dependent upon them rather than an assistance.

Many of the most elaborate and expensive hotels in New York employ boys who do not know half a dozen words in English, who cannot page a guest intelligibly, who cannot answer the simplest questions; yet without doubt the management could not be induced to substitute a colored boy, with his greater understanding of language and customs, and often greater personal cleanliness, for the foreign boy from southern or eastern Europe; for even the Irish boy is a negligible quantity in bell-boy service in these days, and the American boy does not seem to exist in the large cities. Many of the more economically conducted hotels employ practically non-English-understanding telephone boys, with disastrous effect upon the messages left for guests in their absence, not to speak of the trial of their patience in endeavoring to get a number. Yet in the moderate-priced apartments where the door boys and elevator boys are colored the affairs of the guest proceed with normal precision, messages are more or less correctly written down, and names understood. Surely the convenience of the English-speaking population of New York would be better served if colored servants were more universally used in such positions.

Only one first-class store in New York employs colored elevator boys, but the difference in the courtesy and attention they show to shoppers is in pleasing contrast to the whistling, social shouting back and forth, and gum-chewing of many of the white boys employed in that capacity. More than that, it is not unusual to find an elevator boy in a store who does not understand English sufficiently to inform shoppers what floor a department is on.

In office buildings colored boys and men are more frequently employed, but even in these positions the majority of boys are white —also usually gum-chewing, noisy, and rough in manner.

No first-class hotel in New York and only one in Boston employs colored waiters; yet what a relief to the guest to meet the courtesy and unobtrusively interested service of the good colored waiter in place of the restless, indifferent impatience too often characteristic of the American-spoiled foreign waiter. The colored waiter does not spoil so easily; indeed, it takes a good deal of contact with rude manners and careless ways to spoil the Negro in this respect. Whereas the first word that the alien waiter seems to take on is the preposterous "sure!" In a few—a very few—New York hotels and restaurants the manners of the waiters are watched. As a rule they deteriorate with lamentable swiftness in the clear air of freedom.

In one of the best hotels of the Eastern coast the writer has twice encountered a type of waiter who could speak neither English, French, German, nor Italian. The inference is that he came from some region in the Balkans or in the neighborhood of the Bosphorus. But diagnosing the difficulty did not help it. To any question about any article upon the bill of fare—which he could only identify by having the printed word pointed out to him—his only response was to ask impatiently, "You want it?" Wouldn't any

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sort of a Negro waiter be, on the whole, more acceptable?

One hears that the Negro is lazy, and again that he is disposed to petty dishonesty. But certainly either of these accusations might be brought with equal propriety against the class of white men and boys commonly preferred to him. There are bad Negroes, and of course also mannerless Negroes. How could it be otherwise when we consider that it is only within a very few years that the Negro has been able to live in a decent tenement? And if undesirable contacts do cause a Negro to forget his manners, certainly he is easily induced to remember them. And is it well that the question of manners should be altogether neglected in our public servants? Many people, no doubt, enter and leave an office building, or a shop, or an apartment, unconscious of the manners of the elevator boy who has conveyed them, but many others must regret that a species of hoodlumism has replaced the unobtrusive performance of duties. This uncouth roughness of behavior is seldom characteristic of the Negro in such positions. Indeed, often has the writer had occasion to marvel at the superiority of the Negro's manner to that of the one he serves; how often, roughly accosted, he answers quietly and with courtesy.

The Negro has infinite tact, whether in insistence upon a rule he is expected to enforce, in the breaking of unwelcome news, or in refusing admittance to the importuner at the closed door. He is past-master in the use of euphemisms. A Negro hall boy, sent out by a perhaps thoughtless housekeeper for milk after the shops had closed, returned with the desired article, and when questioned replied: "Yes'm, the dairy and delicatessen *was* closed, but I get it around the corner." Questioned further, he added, "Yes'm, 'round the corner. They always has it there—for milk punches." Not to a lady would he mention so gross a place as a saloon! In the same way does the Negro refer to individuals of doubtful character—if such must be mentioned—as "sporting people."

An absent-minded art student once appeared at the breakfast table in a little hotel employing Negro waiters with her blouse most imperfectly fastened at the back. A colored waiter, with no trace of a smile upon his face, came immediately to her side, holding up the bill of fare as if to take her order. Under cover of this delicate artifice, he informed her, in a low voice, "I beg pardon, miss, but your dress is fastened *only* at the neck and at the waist."

A natural softener of hard edges, a presenter of harsh facts in their gracious light, there is, after all, under this amusing aspect a real dignity of spirit and attitude in the Negro, some real sensitiveness to the finer things of life that makes his tactful reaction upon the difficult situation instinctive, that causes his voice to be soft and his speech gentle. It is only the really demoralized Negro who raises his voice even in a quarrel with another Negro or is impertinent to his employer. The natural tendency of the race is toward courtesy and patience.

It is urged that the Negro is irresponsible, but that quality is perhaps more the heritage of the older Southern Negro than an innate racial characteristic. And while one may not value irresponsibility as a trait in a servant, one can at times take an impersonal delight in the sublime irrelevance of its manifestations.

A friend of the writer's who is living in the South was distracted one morning, when her house was full of guests, to learn that her cook had incontinently left. None of the other servants could offer any lucid explanation. One of their number, however, provided a suitable breakfast, and the departure of Nancy remained a mystery until one day when her former mistress passed her on the street. "Nancy," she demanded at once, "*why* did you leave me like that? What *was* the matter?" "No'm, Mis' Brown, nothin' was the matter," replied Nancy, "only yore company; they gave me eight dollars, an' I thought I jess wouldn't work any more!"

With the passing of the older generation this deliciously Arcadian state of mind must go, but the Negro, somewhat conventionalized and sobered, is still with us. Though he may not always seem to change for the better, much of his gracious quality and fineness will surely be retained, and, for better or worse, he remains our National responsibility. Why should he not, then, have at least as good a chance at the best class of employment as the immigrant or his child, frequently far less expert, and too often merely self-seeking in the impulse that brought him to our shores?

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A PROPHECY OF PROSPERITY

CONDITIONED UPON AMITY AND FORBEARANCE IN OUR INTERNATIONAL AND DOMESTIC RELATIONSHIPS

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

IN his new book "What is Coming?" Mr. H. G. Wells declares that he "is more interested in to-morrow than he is in to-day," and prefaces his attempt to forecast the future with the statement that "to the prophetic mind all history is and will continue to be a prelude. The prophetic type will steadfastly refuse to see the world as a museum; it will insist that here is a stage set for a drama that perpetually begins." He adds that "it is fairly safe to assume that there will be very little new furniture on the stage of the world for some considerable time; that if there is much difference in the roads and railways and shipping it will be for the worse; that architecture, domestic equipment, and so on will be fortunate if in 1924 they stand where they did in the spring of 1914."

The rather gloomy view that Mr. Wells takes in his discussion of the economic future is attracting no little attention, and as the war drags its weary and desolating length along many thoughtful men with hearts made sick by the deferred hope of peace are commencing to wonder whether the world can much longer withstand the drain upon its wealth and energy that the expenditure and casualties of the struggle involve.

In an article published in The Outlook December 23, 1914, when the whole business world was prostrate as it contemplated the immensity of the conflict just then commencing, I pointed out that the first effect would probably be an increase in commerce and industry and an advance in prices, and added that "the European nations are very much in the case of a man who, having spent all his disengaged capital, proceeds to mortgage his homestead and squander the proceeds." "His action," I said, "might be uneconomic and unmoral, but, for the time at least, it greatly increases the profits of those among whom he spends the proceeds of the mortgage, and the resurgency of his expenditures will be felt in increased activity throughout a circumference that may be greater than at first seemed possible."

Since that article was written we have had nearly two years of war. In the interval the belligerents have borrowed about fifty billion dollars and enormously increased their taxation.

We have all been surprised by the ease with which the money has been raised, and America has profited greatly by its expenditure.

It is plain, however, that Europe cannot continue to increase its debt indefinitely while it is at the same time wasting its assets by self-destruction, and it is now in order to inquire whether the homestead has been mortgaged for all that it will stand and how much of the proceeds are still unexpended.

That the mortgage is a large one none will deny, and, while it may be increased, every one realizes that strict economy and hard work will be required to pay the interest and principal after the war is over. As Mr. Wells says, this will leave little money for new furniture, and hence he and many others indulge in gloomy generalities with regard to the future. Before accepting them let us carefully examine the facts. Thus far the popular view as to the economic effect of the war has not been correct, and gloomy prophecy often does more harm than good because it dispirits those who must face the disasters predicted.

Nearly every one thought that a world war was economically impossible. It came. After it had come universal ruin was unanimously expected, and, lo! America is richer than ever before, while even the belligerents are enjoying a measure of prosperity. For two years now some twenty or thirty million men have been spending a large portion of the world's accumulated wealth in trying to destroy each other, and the present cost of the struggle is estimated at over $100,000,000 a day, or $36,000,000,000 a year. The figures are so big that they are utterly incomprehensible.

We use them to express something we do not understand, just as the mathematician writes ∞ for infinity.

To bring the subject at all within the grasp of our finite minds, we must base our reason-

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ing on one simple axiom not yet disproved by the experience of the war. It is: The whole is equal to, and cannot exceed, the sum of all its parts.

The wealth or capital already destroyed or to be destroyed cannot exceed that which has been previously accumulated. There is no way in which the world collectively can mortgage its future. One person or nation may borrow from others, but the things borrowed must have been the property of the lender. Granting a situation in which the warring nations had borrowed and wasted all the capital in the world, it is plain that the further cost of the war would be limited to the value of current production. Such a situation is, of course, impossible, but may be granted as a hypothesis.

Let us assume that all the twenty or thirty million men now fighting had been killed and that the expense of the slaughter was equal to the world's accumulated wealth, all of which the belligerents had managed in some way to commandeer. Manifestly the war would end and nothing worse could happen.

What, then, would be the economic predicament of the survivors, of whom there would be about 1,970 million, if the world's population is correctly estimated at 2,000 million.

In the first place, they would all have to work to live, and because they had to work they would be happy and cheerful.

This is a deduction from human experience that is almost axiomatic. Probably they would be happier because the inequalities of wealth had temporarily disappeared.

In the second place, they would all be acquainted with the luxury that had existed before the war and the methods followed to secure it, and their energies would be quickened in the effort to re-establish it.

We should therefore have intense productive activity. Every one would be busy and every one would be happy until some again became rich enough to be discontented and unhappy.

Can any one deny that this would be the result if the war continued until our economic annihilation was universal and complete? Physical and mental suffering there would be while it lasted, but the moment it was ended the forces of hope and reconstruction would assert themselves, and men would be prosperous and happy because they were productively busy. There would be an active demand for everything. Overproduction would be a long way off, and it is overproduction that oftenest leads to unemployment and depression.

The hypothesis upon which this conclusion is based is, of course, impossible. The war will come to an end long before the world's wealth is all destroyed. Up to date the cost is hardly ten per cent of society's previous accumulation, which has proved to be far greater than was generally supposed.

The financial experience of the struggle and the advance of economic science has taught us to mobilize capital with such efficiency that we shall hardly miss what may have disappeared. With economy, labor-saving machinery, and universal industry we shall quickly recover it. Colonel W. C. Gorgas, to whose genius in promoting the sanitation of the Panama Canal Zone the construction of the Canal is due, has written an article for the June "Constructive Quarterly," in which he says:

When this war is over, there will be many million fewer persons in Europe competing for jobs than there were when it commenced, and there will be very many millions of dollars of wealth destroyed which will have to be replaced.

This will mean that in Europe for several years to come the jobs will be seeking the men, rather than the men the jobs.

Prosperity, I dare predict, will be very general.

I find myself impelled to agree with Colonel Gorgas, and it may interest those who have followed me thus far to know that when I started to write this article I was of the opposite opinion. In Wall Street, where my daylight hours are spent, the fear of European competition after the war is so general that it is infectious, and it was not until I sat down and argued it out with myself on paper that I came to take the contrary view.

There is but one contingency in sight that threatens to negative this conclusion.

It is the possibility that a wasteful trade war will follow the physical struggle which now seems drawing to an end.

The compact that the Allies made at Paris, June 17, would seem to pledge them to a permanent commercial conflict with the enemy "after the war period."

One of its provisions declares that—

The Allies decide to take the necessary steps without delay to render themselves independent of the enemy countries in so far as regards the raw materials and manufactured articles essential to the normal development of their economic activities.

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The commerce of the enemy Powers shall be submitted to special treatment and the goods originating in their countries shall be subjected either to prohibitions or to a special régime of an effective character.

The policy thus suggested, if persisted in, would undoubtedly lead Germany to prepare for another war as soon as she could recover herself, and the world would be on notice of a struggle still more exhausting than that in which Europe is at present engaged. With such a prospect before them, the people would be disheartened, and any attempt at reconstruction would probably be abandoned in the effort to escape conscription.

It seems hard to believe that England really means thus to nullify the declarations in favor of human liberty with which she entered the war, but if she does, then indeed the blessings of permanent peace will be for a long time denied us, and the recreation of the world's wealth may be delayed for a generation.

The hostility aroused by this "Convention of Paris," with its natural sequence of the "Black List" and a censorship of neutral correspondence that has latterly seemed oppressive, has already provoked a retaliatory spirit.

The riders which Congress attached to the Revenue Bill are the first expression of this spirit.

In effect they authorize the President to suspend commercial intercourse with any nation that discriminates against us or our trade.

From this it would be an easy step to a bitter economic warfare that might be fraught with the gravest consequences and would certainly disorganize business for years to come.

It is hard to conceive of a greater calamity than a serious breach between Great Britain and the United States, and it is therefore the duty of every friend of humanity on both sides the Atlantic to use all his influence to avert it.

At present the cloud which threatens our hitherto amicable relations is no bigger than a man's hand. It will promptly disappear in the sunshine of mutual forbearance and understanding.

Nearly all the quarrels and wars with which the lives of men and the history of nations are darkened are due to the inability or unwillingness of men to see things from each other's view-point. They misunderstand, and then they quarrel.

The successive steps in the genesis of war might in fact be described by the words misunderstanding, anger, aloofness, insult, and attack. Some forty years ago Philip Gilbert Hamerton wrote a book upon "Human Intercourse" that has become a classic.

Every Englishman and every American ought now to re-read the chapter on the "Death of Friendship."

It concludes with these words:

"There is, however, a death of friendship which is so truly sad and sorrowful as to cast its gloomy shadow on all the years that remain to us. It is when we ourselves, by some unhappy fault of temper that might have been easily avoided, have wounded the kind breast of our friend and killed the gentle sentiment that was dwelling happily therein.

"The only way to be quite sure of avoiding this great and irretrievable calamity is to remember how very delicate friendly sentiments are and how easy it is to destroy them by an inconsiderate or an ungentle word."

Solomon is reputed to have been the wisest man in the world. There are thirty-six different passages in the Book of Proverbs that acclaim the value of "understanding." One of them reads:

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom and the man that getteth *understanding*, for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."

Another says: "With all thy getting, get *understanding*."

Solomon evidently appreciated the relation between "getting" and "understanding," and if he were alive to-day he would probably tell us that a continuance of our present prosperity depends upon our understanding of our friends across the sea and their understanding of us; upon our appreciation of the strain that they are under and their appreciation of our rights as neutrals.

If misunderstanding upon these points can be avoided, there is nothing in our external relationships that seems likely to debar us from a share in the glory and profit of the great work of reconstruction that must certainly follow the war.

But it is not alone in our external relationships that we must avoid misunderstanding if our productive energy is to find its fullest employment and reward.

Of late there has been a noticeable tend-

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ency toward a widening of the unnecessary gulf between labor and capital.

Rightly or wrongly, the questions at issue have projected themselves into the Presidential campaign and are discussed with deplorable bitterness.

Dishonorable motives are ascribed to both candidates. Offensive things are said to or about their adherents, and an intolerance of partisan feeling is shown that suggests a class war rather than a political debate on a purely economic question.

This question relates to the division of profits between those who work and those who own the tools, shops, and mechanism of industry.

The latter class have prospered greatly of late. The workers have demanded an increase in wages as their share of that prosperity. They have said that they would stop work if their demands were not granted.

Would we not all act in the same way if we could when we felt ourselves inequitably treated?

I have always done so, and many of my friends are well off because they have insisted upon obtaining all they could for their services. "Take it or leave it," is the formula by which their constitutional right to freedom of contract is expressed Two years ago we were confronted with a great emergency. The war was upon us, and, unbridled, the right to buy and sell as we could would have caused irretrievable ruin to many innocent people.

Facing these conditions, the stock exchanges throughout the world fixed minimum prices below which no one was allowed to buy or sell, and the courts generally declined to recognize transactions made at lower figures.

To some there is a close analogy between the action taken by the stock exchanges and the course recently pursued by Congress in the face of a great emergency in the labor market. There are others who say that an inviolable right has been sacrificed to political expediency. This is unproven. The same thing was said when President Roosevelt permitted the United States Steel Corporation to buy the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company to check the panic of 1907.

Surely there is wide room for dispassionate difference of opinion in regard to questions about which so many of us are honestly disagreed.

Certainly there is no necessity for talking about a "repetition of the French Revolution" because a problem hitherto unsolved is now under serious discussion.

Pathologists tell us that the auto-intoxication of anger is most exhausting and frequently followed by great weakness and prostration. Some of us can confirm this from our own experience.

Prosperity is both a form and a product of happiness. We shall not promote it, and we may destroy it, if in this country we permit any serious misunderstanding to grow up between those who pay wages and those who receive them. It can easily be averted by a mental transposition of the respective view-points. In this we can all of us acquire facility with practice.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

SHOULD WE IMPOSE OUR RELIGIONS ON OTHER PEOPLES?

A CORRESPONDENT asks me whether I think it is right for us to impose our religion upon foreign peoples. They have their own. Why should we attempt to substitute another in its place? I reply: We ought not to impose our religion upon a foreign people; but if we have some good thing which we think they need and which we believe they will welcome when they understand it, we ought not selfishly to keep it for ourselves. Which is the modern missionary movement? Is it an attempt to impose upon a foreign people a religion to which they are hostile, or is it an attempt to offer to a foreign people a blessing which, if they come to understand it, they will welcome?

There is no doubt that the attempt has often been made by one people to impose

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their religion upon another people. This was what the Mohammedans attempted to do, and what in eastern Europe they succeeded in doing. This was what Philip II of Spain attempted to do in his campaign against the Netherlands, and what Charles I and Laud attempted to do in their Scotch policy.

Nor is this attempt necessarily confined to those who have sought to impose their religion by physical force upon a reluctant people. In 1827 Dr. Lyman Beecher preached in New York a sermon before the American Board of Missions which, in the authorized publication of his sermons, is entitled "Resources of the Adversary and Means of Their Destruction." In this sermon Dr. Beecher included among those resources to be destroyed paganism, Mohammedanism, and Roman Catholicism. A missionary movement animated by the purpose of destroying the religious life of a foreign people and substituting another in its place might not inaptly be entitled a movement to impose upon the people a religion in spite of their hostility.

In a very different spirit was the missionary work of Paul conducted. In the opening sentences of his address to the men of Athens his spirit is apparent as that of one who recognizes the sincerity and value of the Athenian religion, with its temples, its altars, its sacrifices, and its idols, and his desire to offer to the Athenian people that for which they were evidently seeking. "As I passed along," he says, "and observed the things you worship, I found also an altar bearing the inscription, 'To an Unknown God.' The Being, therefore, whom you, without knowing him, revere, him I now proclaim to you." [1]

This Pauline spirit is the spirit of modern missionaries. No doubt something of the old spirit of antagonism is to be found in the missionary field, but the great body of modern missionaries recognize the sincerity of pagan worshipers, and go to them in no spirit of hostility, and with no desire to destroy their religious faith or life, but with a desire to offer to them that for which their pagan faith and life show them to be seeking. I do not know how I can better indicate in a few words the spirit of the modern missionary movement than by the following quotation from the first lecture of the course delivered by Charles Cuthbert Hall in India in 1902–3. He went, it should be explained, as a representative of the Chicago University:

> It is the belief of the University that a comparison of points of view in matters of religion is desirable; and that effort, on the one hand to present, on the other to comprehend, the content of the leading ideas of any religion must be approved by candid minds, and may advance the cause of truth. In this spirit the University welcomes from time to time those who are competent to interpret the essential principles of Oriental faiths. To such she gives heed, desiring to comprehend the messages that they bring and to compare those messages with the characteristic conceptions of Christianity. In the same spirit, she sends from time to time her representatives to the East, charging them faithfully to set forth the innermost essence of the religion of Jesus Christ, and bespeaking for them that patient and generous hearing which is one of the many beautiful traditions of Indian courtesy. It is felt that such interchange of view is reasonable and wholesome. It is a substitute for that ignorance concerning the sacred beliefs of our fellow-men which is the mother of injustice and error. It is a protest against that narrowness which is willing to receive the superficial or prejudiced statements of the uninstructed in lieu of such as are uttered with the certitude and maturity of knowledge. It is, finally, an appeal to truth, which, to all who know its value, is the one thing to be sought at all hazards, to be obtained at all costs.

I believe in free trade in ideas, and I therefore believe in sending to Chinese, Indian, and other pagan peoples men actuated by the spirit of Dr. Hall to offer to them for their consideration and their acceptance our spiritual ideas and ideals.

I wonder how many of the readers of this "Knoll Paper" read the story of "Père Perrin and His People," published in The Outlook of August 9. If they have not read it and keep their Outlooks, I recommend them to turn back and read that story. Père Perrin was a Roman Catholic priest who spent his life in the service of the Chinese people, and in the time of famine, when thousands were dying of hunger, carried to them food and medicine for the soul as well as for the body. By his ministry of hope and love he so won their gratitude and reverence that when he died the Chinese "gave Père Perrin of the best they had, softly lining the rude coffin and casting over it a pall of purple cloth," and when his body was borne toward his burial a Confucian teacher spoke for the Confucian mourners the sentence:

[1] Acts xvii. 23, 24. Weymouth's translation.

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"We Chinese find a proverb in our sacred Mencius, 'The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.'"

I wonder how many of the readers of this "Knoll Paper" read an article of mine in The Outlook for June 7 giving a report of the Methodist Episcopal Quadrennial Conference, and in that report giving an account of a recent successful revolution in Peru establishing religious liberty for that long-oppressed people. Thirty men and women, American missionaries, had been arrested and marched through the streets to the common jail. Public sentiment was fired, public meetings were held. The old law of intolerance was repealed. The Constitution by popular vote was amended in spite of resistance both ecclesiastical and political, and religious liberty, after a campaign of two years, was granted by the House of Deputies by a vote of fifty-six to twelve, representing unquestionably a popular majority relatively quite as great. I repeat here what I said last June, quoting from a Methodist bishop: "This one victory alone is justification of all the expenditure of money and life in South America by the Protestant churches."

These incidents illustrate, not exceptions in the great missionary movement of our time, but its dominant spirit. A few months ago two bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church engaged in missionary work in China visited me at my home and gave me some account of the work which that Church is doing in the Chinese Empire. Their conversation with me, notes of which I made on the following morning, forms the basis of the account which follows of the spirit in which missionary work is being carried on by one great denomination in a foreign land, and the spirit in which that work is received by the common people. The reader will observe that this account indicates the undenominational character of the Christian work which the evangelical churches are maintaining and their cordial co-operation in maintaining it.

The Rockefeller Foundation, after a characteristically thorough investigation of the work of the churches in China, has appropriated seven million dollars for medical aid to hospitals established by the missionaries and for medical education of Chinese men and women in connection with those hospitals. In connection with this the several missions are co-operating at four different centers in supporting colleges for the higher education, which carry students through the latter years of high school and up to and including about the first two years in an American college. As a preparation for this college education, the Methodist Episcopal Church raises in this country fifty thousand dollars a year, which it appropriates to primary and secondary education, beginning at the kindergarten and continuing until the student is prepared to enter the college. To this fifty thousand dollars raised in this country fifty thousand dollars more are added, raised in China, for the same purpose, and it is now proposed to attempt to raise in this country a million dollars, which will yield annually another fifty thousand dollars.

Thus American and Chinese citizens are co-operating in an endeavor to furnish the common people of China with an education supervised and directed by the Christian missionaries sent out from this country. The aim is to provide a complete system of education, including primary and secondary school work, college work, and post-graduate work. And a considerable success has been achieved in realizing this aim. At present the post-graduate work is confined to preparation for the medical profession, because that is the great and immediate need in China; but it may be reasonably hoped that this post-graduate work will be eventually enlarged to include preparation for other scientific pursuits. So far as I can judge, there is no particular need, at present at least, of special education in the law; and education for the ministry will, of course, be carried on in China, as it is in this country, by the churches. It should be added that the education in the secondary schools not only includes, but lays emphasis on, industrial education, and is patterned somewhat after the system of education established in the Philippines, for which both bishops expressed the highest appreciation.

In China the aristocracy is a literary aristocracy; learning has always been the object of great admiration. Therefore, when an opportunity is offered to the common people to get learning, it is welcomed as an opportunity to get the prerogative of the aristocracy, and there is great eagerness to support schools fashioned upon Occidental models. The fact that these schools are connected with Christian churches and are often carried on in Christian churches does not operate to create any prejudice against them except among a limited number of the literati.

What the Methodist Episcopal Church is

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doing in China is not peculiar. Similar work on a similar scale is being carried on by the other evangelical denominations.

Those who are opposed to Christian missionaries do not, I think, generally know what the Christian missionaries are doing in foreign lands. They are no more attempting to impose a religious faith on a reluctant people than the Rockefeller Foundation is attempting to impose a medical theory on a reluctant people by its energetic efforts against tuberculosis and the hookworm disease; or than the Northern churches are attempting to impose their theories of education on a reluctant people by helping the people of the South to establish and maintain schools for the poor whites and for the colored people; or than the men who have endowed Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, Cornell and other universities are attempting to impose educational ideals upon the people of this country. We in the Christian churches are doing what we can to inspire the people of lands less blessed than ourselves with that spirit of faith, of hope, and of good will which our faith in the God of love and of hope has inspired in us.

The Knoll, Cornwall-on-Hudson.

MY NEIGHBOR'S CHERRIES, AND SOME PROBLEMS

BY ALFRED THISTLETON

JUST across the orchard from me as I write lives a neighbor in whom survive many of those fragrant traditions which form a link between our fetid present and the lavender-scented past. She has what I consider an ideal farm—that is, a farm with plenty of cherry trees on it. For twenty years before I came here I had lived in a land that was Siberia so far as cherries are concerned. Once in all those years I came upon a large tree of black cherries in a fence row, but that meeting between two exotics was too sweet to be either enduring or profitable.

Pitching my tent here on the border of the orchard about the first of May, I soon became aware of the near neighborhood of green cherries, whose progress toward maroon I watched, you may be sure, with the same tender jealousy as the chewinks and the jays.

Then came that season which more than any other, in my estimation, demonstrates the poverty of language. There were, first, three mammoth trees of black Tartarians, ripening bulbously along the foreyard fence—and, oh, they did so burst with the red wine of their sweetness! Then there was a white "Oxheart" behind the house, whose exquisite blushing was only equaled by its interior quality. After that came, in steady succession, another tree of white cherries, another of black, one of flaming scarlet (these in the vegetable garden), and last a tree of cherries of the color of spotted carnelian, and with the flavor of a delicate tart wine—quite unique. Of none of these trees did I pause to learn the name. After all the cultivated varieties we found two huge "Honey-hearts" down in the meadow, from which we could pick all we had time for between the eating. Besides all which there were three trees of black cherries, uncultivated, and of a "gamy" flavor, which nobody bothered with at all. And, remember, it was not a "cherry year."

My neighbor said: "Come and take all you care to. I can use only a small quantity of them, and it does not pay to carry them to market."

Is it surprising, then, that in the supervening delightful frame of mind I should enlarge the borders of my altruism to the extent of thinking: "How the tired folks in cities would love to get up here with me! And how I wish they could!" Over and over again I asked myself why such a perfect heaven "could not be taken to market." But later on I had a little practical demonstration of the difficulties of marketing produce of ordinary quality in small quantities, and since so many people nowadays seem to care about these things I venture this article.

Here is the question, then, put into concrete form: If a farmer has a lot of good fruit which he is eager to sell at a fair figure, and a city dweller is hungering and thirsting for that fruit and eager to pay a fair price for it, and the farmer and the city dweller are only thirty-eight miles apart, with good

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roads and a mighty steam system to connect them, why cannot the fruit pass from one to the other? Looked at in this simple form, the answer seems easy, and one is tempted to reply off-hand, "It can." But the true answer, as many people know by bitter experience, is an equally categorical, "It can't." It is as impossible for my neighbor to pick a hundred quarts of the delicious fruit of a morning and send them to the people who would be glad to pay all they are worth as it is for me to dictate the use of campaign funds by the sachems of Tammany Hall. And since I have said as much as that, I will try to tell why. But let me say at the outset that the "why" is marvelous, illogical, recondite, and all but unintelligible.

I will put it into the form of three specifications, but not of equal importance. Putting the chief one first throws the whole subject into momentary confusion, but I am going to dig it out, and here it is:

1. The retail merchant. Now, any one with mere common sense would suppose that the farmer who had small quantities of stuff to market was near enough to being a retail merchant without the intervention of another. Of course the farmer would need either to go himself and sell his goods or to have an agent of some sort; but where the sale was not only ready but absolutely inevitable, where the supply was abundant and unfailing, and where there were no problems to be met in the handling, that agent need hardly rise to the dignity of a retail merchant. The retail merchant presupposes a limited and capricious demand, a thin and uneven supply, and many difficulties of handling; but I have no hesitation in saying that these conditions are all artificial and abnormal, and would not continue to exist if full advantage could be taken of modern facilities and inventions.

The retail merchant is here because he's here. I cannot discover any other reason. And since he is here, with all the expense and risk and involution that his presence in the scheme of things requires, it follows that there must be a large addition to the price of cherries before they can be offered for sale. Let us take some tentative figures, which may not be quite accurate, as a basis for our thinking. Say the cherries on the tree are worth three cents a quart. I think that would make each tree yield from three to six dollars a year, and would place cherry trees among the most valuable properties on the farm. Say it cost two cents a quart to pick them, one-half cent to crate them, and one-half cent to carry them into market—making in all six cents. Under conceivable market conditions these cherries could be sold for seven cents in the retail market, and everybody satisfied. If they ever are sold at that figure, you may be sure that somebody has been woefully misused in the process, and that person usually proves to be the farmer.

But the retail merchant intervenes, and the six cents of real value becomes twelve. The reasons are clear when we consider the process of retail merchanting. The retail merchant must have a store, large, airy, well kept, attractive, half used—in a word, expensive. In order to achieve the retail merchant idea, the whole system of transportation must be doubled in cost, for we shall see, I think, that without the retail merchant there could be no commission merchant or jobber. Then, because the retail merchant is many and because his trade fluctuates, being very great at certain hours and very slight at others, there must be at least twice too much cost for clerking and handling. All these things tend to raise the price to the ultimate consumer from seven cents to twelve. But there is still another, and perhaps the greatest, item of cost to be considered, which is in the nature of a "kick" or "flareback," namely: Because the price of fruit is high the sale will be correspondingly slow and the loss from the perishable character of the product very great, so that for every three baskets of fruit sold one must be counted as going bad through the delays of the retail merchant system.

Now the upshot of all this is that when the retail merchant goes into the wholesale market to buy he cannot buy at six to sell at seven. That would be preposterous! Always in his mind's eye must be the proposition: Buy at six to sell at twelve! Therefore, are the cherries very large, sound, and attractive-looking? If not, they must be left to stand in the summer heat and fetid atmosphere of the commission market indefinitely longer. Bear in mind that the normal love of cherries, which springs eternal in the human breast and would cause the average city dweller to climb a telegraph-pole at the risk of his neck, must be crushed into very narrow limits by the arbitrary fact that the cherries must bring twelve cents at the retail merchant's. Therefore a large part of the goods which appear, or should appear, in the wholesale market must be left to rot, either on the

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tree or at the commission merchant's, and only the choicest ever find the twelve-cent counter. (And these, let me add, will not be nearly as delicious when they do arrive as ordinary run-of-the-market fruit would have been had it gone direct to the seven-cent counter.)

But it should be said that, if there must be a retail merchant, he must continue to be just what he is. His life is not all roses; he makes no excessive profit. But by the time he has maintained telephones, cashiers, sales bookkeepers and charge bookkeepers, refrigerating plant, a double force of clerks, one-half to go and get the orders and the other half to fill them, and has paid a high rent for an attractive central business location, he cannot sell cherries for seven cents. One of these gentlemen, a man of long and wide experience in his business, told me that if his customers could be counted on to send their orders in by mail twenty-four hours in advance of delivery he could cut his prices twenty-five per cent, make more money, and have more fun in life.

2. Given the retail merchant, the commission merchant "follows as the night the day." The retail merchant must have a market in which to pick and choose. Nature makes a lot of "seconds" and "culls," and he must keep a tab on her. They are not worth the twelve cents which he knows he must get.

In this view of the matter the commission merchant is indispensable. He captures for the farmer a market which is as elusive as flashes of genius. He forms the connecting link between two unknown and otherwise unconnectable people—the farmer and the retail merchant. He is a clerk who goes to infinite pains to accomplish something that never ought to be done. He labors unceasingly for small gains, and almost never becomes rich. I know of no life which is, on the whole, harder than that of the commission sales merchant. But, after all, what useful service does he really perform? Does he produce anything? Does he create demand? It is absurd to think so; the demand is already eager and rampant. Does he facilitate the movement of produce? Well, as things stand, he seems to. But why should things stand as they do? If we suppose a reasonable and intelligible system of marketing produce, the commission merchant must appear only as one who diverts the stuff from its directest line of approach, adding two fresh handlings and holding perishable products from two to twenty-four hours on their way to the inevitable consumer. Does he guarantee payment or stimulate credit? On the contrary, by adding so many fresh charges and delays, and increasing the ultimate cost, he simply lends himself to the "charge it" system, which is such a burden upon everybody concerned.

The commission merchant creates an artificial market which could not exist for a moment without the retail merchant. In no good sense is he the agent of the producer; he is rather an assistant to the retail merchant, aiding him in the process of elimination, which is an incident of the twelve-cent cherries. In his great barracks the food which nature supplies in abundance is pawed over, tasted, rejected, and left to rot, not because it is not good, but because it will not draw the twelve-cent figure from the protesting pockets of the ultimate consumer. The commission merchant is handling highly perishable stuffs, of which most lose their best quality in his hands. Sweet corn, for example, loses fifty per cent of its sweetness in six hours. Yet the commission system requires that all goods shall go out of their way and be delayed six to twenty-four hours (if not forever) in order to appear in his market.

No, the commission merchant operates only to keep out of the active market one-half of what nature, in her bounty, provides.

3. Railway delay. It is thirty-eight miles from my neighbor to the man whose mouth is watering for cherries in New York. The passenger who wishes to make the journey goes in one hour and thirty minutes. The dinner which he is to eat when he gets there (supposing it to come from the same place) must have started at least three days before to be there in time. Some time ago I shipped some pears to go twenty-five miles by rail. They arrived four days later, shrunken thirty-three per cent, and so spotted in appearance that they could not be sold. They were sent "released." Evidently the railway man knew that he was going to take four days to deliver those pears, and did not wish to assume the responsibility which in all common sense belonged to his part. They were good, edible pears when they left my hands; they were a mush-heap when they arrived. Now this is ridiculous too.

The city dweller requires milk for his lunch. The milk is raised in Oswego County, New York. It is bottled and en-

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trained at nine o'clock to-night, and is on his table to-morrow at noon (or it ought to be, as it reaches New York to-morrow morning at eight o'clock.) The milk train runs twice daily, in each direction, and is as much a feature of modern life as the daily paper.

The produce trains run, too. They start from Kalamazoo, Michigan, and from Danville, New Jersey, every day. But they do not *arrive*, like the milk trains. The farmer who is hardy enough to try to get his good things to market will have them loaded in the antique fashion at present in vogue on the railways, along with soap, machinery, and furniture, and delivered with the same marvelous ingenuity of delay and loss. To be sure, there are few farmers nowadays who do not know better than to attempt it; consequently it would not instantly pay to institute methods adapted to their needs. But if there were suitable facilities there would be produce in sufficient quantities to warrant them. It seems to be generally understood and agreed that country products are to stale and rot in transit. That is not because they are worthless, nor because the consumer does not clamor for them, nor because the producer does not repose a sublime faith in the carrier. It is not because the problem of getting cherries to the man who languishes for them is any different from the problem of getting milk to him. The reason is wrapped in mystery. The unsophisticated will ask, "Why not a daily fast freight from all near-by places into each large city?" And no reasonable answer can be given, so far as I know. There are two possible answers—one foolish and the other sarcastic. First, everybody expects country stuff to rot in transit. Second, there is no trust to compel proper facilities for cherries.

Now see how this whole important subject whirls round again to the place of starting. Frankly, my neighbor's cherries are not perfect. The trees do not receive the care which ideally they should have. Twice-a-year spraying, scientific cutting back, knowledge of blight and insect pest, suitable methods of packing and handling—all these are lacking, not only on her farm, but on all the farms throughout this section. What is true of the cherries is true of pretty much all the farm produce. The fresh vegetable in the country is a fabled thing. Farmers don't raise it.

But when we come to inquire the reason, it is found in abundant quantity in the fact that "it does not pay to carry them to market." The farmer is abominably treated, and loses money in two ways every time he touches the system. In the first place, he cannot get for his goods what it costs him in investment and labor to produce them. The help problem is merely an incident of this. If the farmer could get all it costs to produce his stuff, he could afford well enough to pay the help he requires, and in that case there would be no lack of help in the country. The plain fact is that forty dollars a month, with celibacy as a necessary adjunct, and the demand variable, is no sort of money for a man either in city or country, and men will marry and make homes if they get half a chance. Then, secondly, the difficulties which lie between the farmer and his market—the freight's delays, the commission merchant's scorn, the retailer's contumely, besides the clerical work necessary to get things through, are insuperable obstacles. The cherries may rot on the trees.

Of course I *could* get those cherries to market, and everybody satisfied. But there would have to be fewer everybodies. In order to do it I would need to own the railways and to control the use of municipal funds in New York City. But once I had these things in my power, I would work some very simple changes. For one thing, I should have a daily produce freight over every line entering New York and traversing every distance under one hundred miles. This train would travel with the same speed as a passenger train, and would be loaded as rapidly, and perhaps more so. As the train rolled up to the freight-shed there would be a thirty-foot train of small cars or wagons standing on the platform, with wheels running at right angles to those of the train itself. These cars would be ready loaded with produce. In one motion a half-door running the whole length of the freight car would be lifted, in another a trip would be released, and the whole thirty feet of small cars would glide down their inclined tracks into the big car. These small cars would be locked in position and carried into New York, to be returned empty, like milk-cans, later in the day.

(Let me break in here to say that to-day on any milk train that I know of you will see the engine and cars drawn up at the milk-shed or creamery, while the milk-cans are laboriously rolled aboard, just as if this high-cost steam equipment were an old-fashioned Mississippi stern-wheeler being loaded by roustabouts and making a languid twelve miles an hour to the land of *mañana*.)

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The farmer would have received a receipt for so many baskets of cherries, graded according to a well-understood schedule, as, say, "C"—the grade being marked on his receipt. These fast freights would be rushed into the city, and the goods delivered in a continuous stream at certain municipal markets—not in the early morning only, as under the retail merchant system, but systematically and steadily throughout the day. Secondly, I would have a municipal market for every twenty thousand of the city's population. In them the goods would be placed on sale instanter. Speed is everything in the handling of produce. I think I would assess the cost of selling on the product, plus fifty per cent, not of the selling price, but of the cost of selling. Root-crops would be found in the cellar, and the more perishable fruits and vegetables spread on the main floor. I would sell my neighbor's cherries for seven cents, and mark them this way:

Grade "C" Cherries,
7c.
Delivered, 9c.
Order telephoned and delivered, 10c.
All charge accounts bear interest from the date of sale.

The consumer would then begin to realize what it is costing him per diem for grocery and butcher carts, telephones and bookkeepers. At the end of each month I would have the farmer produce his receipts and be paid for them at the market value for the grade with which they were credited on the day of the shipment. And, moreover, if the public taste languished in some particular respect, I should advise my farmer to cultivate less of that product another year, and tell him what to substitute for it. Meanwhile I should make a note of all loss from undesired products, and assess that upon the desired products, so that, in the end, the farmer and everybody else interested would receive a fair return for all products which he had offered to the markets.

But, after writing all this, I feel the same sort of sheepishness that a boy feels when he is caught reading a detective romance. I should feel compelled to add the familiar words, "Ah, 'tis a dream," were it not that the reforms I have supposed have in principle been attained in the handling of milk and the mechanical possibilities have been sufficiently demonstrated both in the delivery of that commodity and of newspapers.

THE MOON, THE HIGH COST OF LIVING, AND WITCHCRAFT

The following letter from the author of "The Moon and the High Cost of Living" (The Outlook for August 16 last) explains itself. See also the editorial "An Attack on the Moon" in The Outlook for September 6.—THE EDITORS.

I am sorry that any one should so misconstrue my article, "The Moon and the High Cost of Living," as to regard it as an attack on Pennsylvania farmers. The article was really a plea for better schools, and was written more in the spirit of commiseration than of condemnation. Hard labor and wretched poverty ought not to be yoke-mates, yet they are on many a Pennsylvania farm. Too many of our farmers, like the beetle buzzing furiously at the window-pane, are wearing themselves out in an unintelligent struggle. I can see no remedy excepting better schools.

As for the statement concerning witchcraft trials in Pennsylvania, which the correspondent considers both libelous and slanderous, I was perhaps guilty of looseness in the use of my English in making it. The correspondent says there has been only one real trial for witchcraft in Pennsylvania. I am glad to be set right. Doubtless I should have used the word "hearings" rather than trials. I am confident that cases involving witchcraft charges not infrequently come before our minor judicial officials.

I have never attended one of these cases, for I can recall none in this part of the State. My information as to them comes wholly from the newspapers. Unfortunately, I have never saved any of the accounts I have read, but I have seen a good many in which, at least, witchcraft figured. Since my article was written I read of a case in which the referee, as I recall it, recommended that a divorce be granted a Pennsylvania man because of his wife's belief in witchcraft. And I recall a recent case in which a man convicted of arson got off with a light sentence because of his belief that he had been "hexed" by a cat.

Of course neither of these cases is a trial for witchcraft. I cite them merely to show that court cases involving witchcraft are frequently reported in our newspapers, and I cannot believe that our newspapers are always inaccurate.

Muncy, Pennsylvania. LEWIS E. THEISS.

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BY THE WAY

The importance of punctuation is illustrated by a peculiar blunder in the usually accurate New York "Sun." It printed, on September 15, in announcing the death of the distinguished philosopher Josiah Royce, a despatch which it headed "Josiah R. Alford Dead." "Josiah Royce Alford," it went on to say, was "professor of natural religion, moral philosophy and civil policy [polity] at Harvard University. . . . Prof. Alford was the author of many books," etc. Evidently the "flimsy," or the tissue paper on which newspaper despatches are typewritten, came to the "Sun" office in this form, without punctuation: "Josiah Royce Alford professor of natural religion moral philosophy and civil policy," etc. The editorial copy reader put the missing comma after "Alford" instead of "Royce," and made the logical substitution of names throughout, with the quoted result.

Muscatine, Iowa, again gets its place on the front page of the Eastern papers as the center of the pearl button industry. Muscatine had the largest representation of any place in the country at the recent convention of the Button Manufacturers' Association in New York. Prices of pearl buttons, it may be added, have followed the fashion by rising from 200 to 300 per cent since the war began.

"We have a friend," says "Commerce and Finance," "who is fond of telling how his elderly mother took him aside when he was about to be married and advised him always to keep two bears in his home if he would be happy. When he asked her what she meant, she explained that the animals she had in mind were "bear" and "forbear." The editor applies this homely story effectively to the present political campaign.

Announcing farewell performances by Mme. Bernhardt and soon afterwards heralding her forthcoming appearance in America has been a favorite pastime of New York papers for a long time. One of them now says that it is authoritatively stated by her manager that the great French actress will sail on September 30 for New York, and that she will appear in many of her successful rôles before American and Canadian audiences.

The chayote, a vegetable that is new to this country but an old favorite in Mexico and Central America, is being made the subject of experiment by the United States Department of Agriculture. It is said to resemble the summer squash in taste, but with a more delicate flavor.

Years ago the White Mountains lost one of their attractions through a landslide which cleaned out "the Flume" and carried off a remarkable suspended rock. Now it is reported that the "Old Man of the Mountain," a profile rock not far from the Flume, is in danger of losing his forehead and perhaps also his nose and chin through the shelving off of the rock. This striking formation was made famous by Hawthorne under the name of the "Great Stone Face."

"Everybody says we must save our waste things these times," writes a subscriber, "so I have been saving up bottles. I called in a man who was crying, 'Old rags, bottles, clothes,' the other morning, and asked him what he would give me for a basketful of bottles. He looked them over very carefully, and picked out three. 'I can use these,' he said; 'the others I can't sell on account of the paralysis—the Board of Health won't let them be used again.' 'How much do I get for the three?' I asked. 'One cent,' he replied after reflection, and fished for the coin. He found only a nickel. I had no change for it. The bargain seemed to be off, and he looked so disappointed that I said, 'Well, you've had all this trouble, so I'll give you the bottles.' He was not sport enough to offer me the nickel as a retort, and went off well pleased. I am now going to see what encouragement I can get for saving old rags."

The largest steamship ever built in any French shipyard was recently launched at St. Nazaire. She is named the Paris, has a displacement of 37,000 tons, is 639 feet long and 84 feet wide, and will ply between Havre and New York.

Fashion this year will apparently run to tall, slim figures. Half a dozen advertisements in a New York daily call for "models, tall, slight, and stylish."

A member of a New York City newsboys' union couldn't collect a debt from a man "higher up," who ran a news agency. The boys "struck" against the papers carried by the agency. Arbitration was instituted; as a settlement, the debt was ordered paid, each member of the newsboys' union was treated to a glass of soda water by the delinquent debtor, the boycott was declared off, and all was serene again.

A consular report states that even in Burma the agricultural workers are co-operating for mutual benefit. It seems that money-lending in Burma has for centuries been in the hands of a caste, called the "chetty." The "chetty" as an individual is short, corpulent, with clean-shaven head, and has a caste mark on the forehead. For centuries he has by usury impoverished the cultivators of the soil, but at last he has been nearly eliminated by the formation of co-operative credit societies. These have reduced rates of interest from 48 and even 72 per cent to a uniform charge of 15 per cent—high enough, it would seem, but reasonable compared with the rates exacted by the "chetty."

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